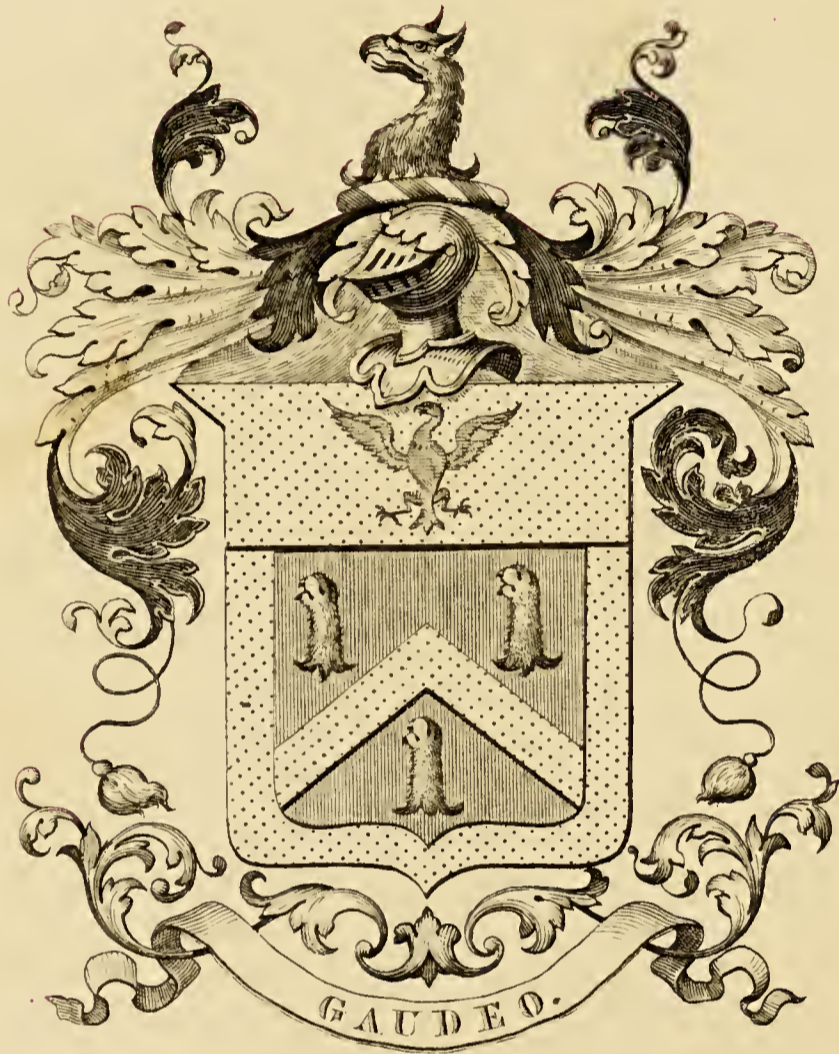


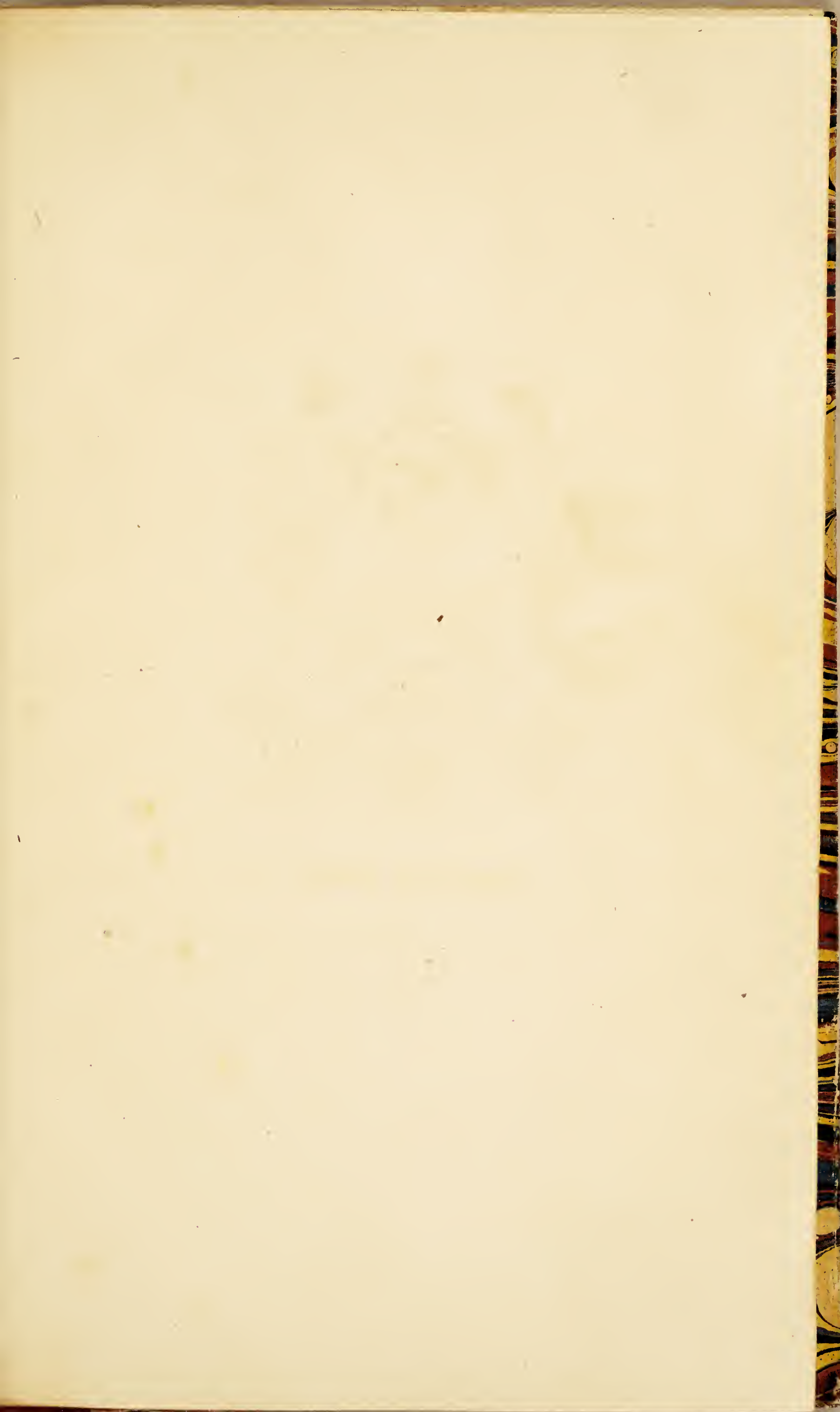


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Vol



John Carter Brown.



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NARRATIVE

OF THE

DEPORTATION TO CAYENNE,

OF

BARTHÉLEMY, PICHEGRU, WILLOT,
MARBOIS, LA RUE, RAMEL,
&c. &c.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF
THE REVOLUTION OF THE 18TH FRUC-
TIDOR, (SEPTEMBER 4, 1797.)

CONTAINING

A VARIETY OF IMPORTANT FACTS RELATIVE TO THAT
REVOLUTION, AND TO THE VOYAGE, RESI-
DENCE AND ESCAPE OF BARTHÉ-
LEMY, PICHEGRU, &c. &c.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
GENERAL RAMEL,
Commandant of the Legislative Body Guard.

Et quorum pars magna fui!

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1799.

JOHN CARTER BROWN

Just published,
THE THIRD EDITION,
REPLY OF L. N. M. CARNOT,
CITIZEN OF FRANCE,

One of the Founders of the Republic, and Constitutional
Member of the Executive Directory :

To the REPORT made on the CONSPIRA-
CY of the 18th Fructidor, by J. CH. BAIL-
LEUL, in the Name of the Select Com-
mittee.

1795

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c. &c.

AT length I am arrived on the continent of Europe, and am taking my leave of that hospitable land where myself and my companions in misfortune have met with a reception equally honourable to the government to whom we are indebted for it, and to the victims of tyranny who were its objects. Yet even the gratitude I sincerely feel has not induced me to fix my residence among my generous enemies, of whom I entertain so high an opinion that I am persuaded the motives which led me to refuse their asylum have procured me their esteem. I

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cannot but believe that it is not against our country: it is not against France, but against the tyrants who enslave it that England is carrying on war; yet it is the blood of Frenchmen that has lately stained the ocean, and is again about to deluge our frontiers! I have participated their fatigues and dangers, and should still be fighting in their ranks had I not been torn from them by the hand of violence. Nor will I ever espouse any other cause than that of national independence, or fight by the side of any warriors but Frenchmen who take up arms for the liberty of their country. Thus is a sentiment of eternal gratitude reconciled to an inviolable fidelity to my duty; and it is with a view to give a proof of both that I publish this Narrative. It will be easily perceived that the writer is a soldier who has taken part in the great events he relates only in consequence of the post he filled; but who, never having stepped beyond the narrow circle of his duty, is unwilling that the tyrants whom he detests, or the intriguers whom he despises, should mistake his actions according to their personal interests or passions. If

all those who have had the misfortune to act in the various scenes of the French Revolution would thus record for posterity those transactions alone of which they were eye-witnesses, materials would exist among which the future historian, when seeking for truth amidst innumerable contradictions, might find documents that would bear those marks of authenticity which exclusively belong to the testimony of a conscience free from reproaches.

During my exile I have only been able to preserve a few notes to assist my memory which was impaired by illness, to recal the order and chain of events. Several particulars will no doubt have escaped me, but the principal and most interesting will at least be hastily sketched. I shall state plain facts, the simple but awful truth, to which I shall be so far from adding, that I shall even avoid the most natural reflections. While describing these fatal scenes, I shall wave all personal resentments, however just and well founded they may be; my heart is too full of the misfortunes of my family, and the

dreadful situation in which I have left many of my brothers in exile, for hatred or revenge to find a place in my writings.

From the year 1792 I had been Adjutant General of the Army of the Rhine, under the orders of the brave General Dessaix, and was specially appointed to the command of the fort of Kehl, which was then besieged by Prince Charles, when I received an order from the Directory to go to Paris to take the command of the guard of the legislative body, to which I had been nominated by the two Councils. That corps of grenadiers, which at first consisted of a battalion of 800 men, had lately been increased to two battalions of 600 men each. The origin of this corps was the battalion of grenadiers of the Convention. If we recollect the period at which this corps was established, we shall easily form an idea of its temper and of the necessity of reforming it. This I was constantly endeavouring to bring about. A new organization, and the filling up the ranks with excellent grenadiers from all the armies, were the means I em-

ployed. In this I was so well supported by the two committees, and the ministers, that in spite of the cabals of the Jacobins, I succeeded in re-establishing the discipline of the troops, and order in the administration of the regiments. Having been frequently attacked, I have had various opportunities of proving both to the friends and enemies of the government my fidelity to the constitution. The consequence was, as I might have expected, that I displeased the violent of both parties. As long as public affairs were conducted by men of sense I had only to defend myself against some obscure miscreants who continually endeavoured to corrupt the grenadiers, and exerted themselves in vain to cast suspicions on me; but after the last change in the legislative body, in proportion as these discussions grew more animated, and especially when the Directory set every thing in a flame by means of the addresses from the Army of Italy, I was tormented on all sides; and the factious took advantage of the general ferment which was so favourable to their designs.

They no longer endeavoured to conceal their plots, and I surprised their emissaries in the barracks and among the ranks. In short, every mode of seduction was employed. In reflecting even now on the conduct I then held under these difficult circumstances, I have no reason to repent of it, since it procured me the hatred of bad men and enabled me to keep the most violent within bounds. Some were desirous of displacing me, and a short time previous to the 18th of Fructidor the Directory caused an offer to be made me of a promotion to another post if I would resign my command.

I was certain to fall a victim to my duty, were it merely because I was resolved to continue faithful to it; nor could I expect justice from any of the parties who were furiously attacking each other. I could only expect it from the virtuous few who were destined to be sacrificed to their fury. But I am contented with the esteem of true patriots, and leave it to the rational part of mankind to judge whether I have deserved it.

For some days past, in consequence of the information received by the committees of inspection for the palace of the two Councils, more than ordinary vigilance had been enjoined me, and I had taken all the necessary precautions to avoid being surprised by the only attack which I had reason to fear, that of the anarchists, who had for some time filled the streets and squares of Paris, and loudly threatened the legislative body even within the limits of my station.

In the evening of the 17th, after having visited my posts, on going to receive the orders of the members of the committee, they seemed equally averse as on the preceding days to believe that the Directory would attempt to destroy the legislative body, or would dare to direct an armed force against it. I heard several deputies, and particularly Emery, Dumas, Vaublanc, Tronçon du Coudray and Thibaudeau, express their indignation at the supposition and at the terror it was calculated to raise among the people. Their security was such that they retired before midnight, and were accompanied by those of

their colleagues who had come to communicate the fears which their private information had excited. I then returned to my quarters to see that my grenadiers were ready to be under arms.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 18th, I received orders from the Minister of War to attend him. I immediately went to the committee room, where I found only one of the inspectors, Rovère, lying down. I communicated to him the order I had received, and added, that "I had been informed several columns of troops were pouring into Paris, and that the commander of the guard of cavalry belonging to the Councils had just informed me he had called in his sentries, and marched his troops over the bridges, together with the two pieces of cannon from the great court of the Thuilleries." It must be observed, that it was in conformity to the orders of the commander in chief, Augereau, that the officer of cavalry refused to obey mine, and had passed the bridges with his troop. Rovère replied, "that all these manœuvres signified nothing,

thing, for orders had been given that several bodies of troops should march over the bridges early in the morning, to perform their exercise; that I need not be alarmed; that he had received very faithful reports, and saw no inconvenience in my waiting on the Minister of War." This, however, I thought it not advisable to do, for fear of being separated from my men.

When I returned home, at half past three in the morning, Poinçot, general of brigade, formerly a garde-du-corps, with whom I had been on terms of friendship and intimacy in the army of the Pyrenees, was announced as coming from General Lemoine, and delivered me a note to the following effect :

"General Lemoine, in the name of the Directory requires the commander of the grenadiers of the legislative body to permit a column of 1500 men, who are appointed to execute the orders of the government, to pass over the Pont-Tournant."

I replied, " that I was astonished, an old com-
rade, who ought to know me better, should con-
sent to convey an order which, consistently
with my honour, I could not obey." But he
assured me, that all resistance would be useless,
that my 800 grenadiers were already surrounded
by 12,000 men, with 40 pieces of cannon. I
replied, " that no force directed against the post
I commanded should compel me to violate my
duty, and that I could receive no orders but
from the legislative body, which I would imme-
diately go for."

At this moment I heard a cannon go off so near
me, that I imagined my post was already attacked.
It was, however, only a signal. I now instantly
ordered my grenadiers under arms, and went to
the Thuilleries, accompanied by the chiefs of
battalion, Pousard and Pleichard, both excellent
officers, and in whom I had great confidence.

At the committee of inspection I found Ge-
nerals Pichegru and Willot. I sent messengers
to General Dumas, to the Presidents of both the

Councils ; Lafond Ladebat for the Council of Elders, and Simeon for that of Five Hundred ; and also to the deputies in the neighbourhood of the Thuilleries, whose residences I happened to know. I prevailed on General Pichegru to come and reconnoitre the position of the troops, who, we found, had already surrounded us, and I renewed my orders to Capt. Vallière, who commanded the post of the *Place de Carousel*, and Lieutenant Le Roy, who commanded that of the Pont-Tournant, to stand firm to their posts, and not to quit them without orders signed by me. We then returned to the committee, and as I was asking for orders how to dispose of my corps de-réserve, a messenger arrived, with information that the iron gates of the Pont-Tournant had been forced. At the same instant the divisions of Augereau and Lemoine joined, and the garden of the Thuilleries was filled with troops of both armies. Cannon were pointed against the hall of the Council of Elders, all the avenues were guarded, all the posts doubled and masked by superior forces. The post of the hall of the Council of Five Hundred, which was com-

manded by the brave Lieutenant Blot, had alone refused to open the iron gates, and mix with the troops of Augereau.

In this extremity I positively demanded an order for the corps-de-réserve of grenadiers to be put in motion, and repel force by force. But the deputies replied, that all resistance would be useless, and prohibited me from firing.

It was then half past four o'clock, and General Verdière came to signify to the deputies already assembled, that he had orders to make them quit the palace, and to carry the keys to the Directory. Their refusal excited very warm altercations, but Verdière persisted in his demand, and prevailed with one of them to come down into the garden to speak to General Lemoine. Rovère went down also, and I accompanied them, with my two chiefs of battalion : but we did not find General Lemoine on the terrace. Verdière, however, advised the deputies to withdraw themselves *for their own safety*; and upon their refusal, he stopped all the avenues, and said he

would go and take the instructions of the Directory.

I returned to my post, my corps-de-réserve, from whence I sent a confidential person to General Dumas, to warn him to be upon his guard. He received this message at the very moment when he was entering the court of the barracks, and I have heard from my brother exiles an account of the great efforts he made to join them. He penetrated as far as the terrace adjoining the wing of the Thuilleries, where the troops of Augereau were drawn up; and, even after having learned that the inspectors were arrested, he was going up to the hall to share their fate, when his companions threw him a paper to desire him to make his escape. He had the good fortune to take it up without being noticed, and to pass the sentinels who were ordered not to let any one quit the place.

At half after five, an aid-de-camp of General Augereau brought me the following order:

“ The commander of the grenadiers of the
“ legislative body is ordered to proceed with his
“ corps to the Quay d’Orsay, where he will wait
“ for further orders.”

(Signed) “ AUGEREAU.”

This order I refused to obey. I could no longer communicate with the committees, who were arrested and blockaded in the palace. I therefore waited with my corps for the orders of the two Councils; and I must do my men the justice to declare that, hitherto, notwithstanding the critical situation in which we were placed, they kept their ranks with the most perfect firmness; I did not hear a single murmur, and I believe that, so far from being seduced by a few obscure and factious intriguers, the majority were sound, and would have compelled their brethren to have fought bravely by their sides, had I been so fortunate as to have received an order to repel force by force. Having ranged my officers in a circle, to communicate the orders of General Augereau, almost all of them approved my conduct. This was the moment in which some fac-

tious men declared themselves. Captain Tortel exclaimed—"We are not Swiss!" Lieutenant Ménéguin was even so bold as to boast of being the principal author of the revolt of the *Gardes Françaises*. The under-lieutenant Devaux said—"I was wounded on the 13th Vendémiaire fighting against Louis XVIII., and I will not now fight for him." Another cried aloud—"The Councils are acting for the King; they are a set of miscreants, and ought to be exterminated." During these speeches and the disputes they occasioned among the officers, disorder began to spread among the ranks. The chief of brigade, Blanchard, who commanded under me, and who for two months had not dared to show himself, because I had discovered his intrigues, his connections with sanguinary men, and his rapacity in the administration of the corps, suddenly appeared and demanded a distribution of cartridges, on account, he said, of the danger that surrounded us. I felt indignant at his insolence, and I could not help pointedly expressing it to him. I observed, that the grenadiers participated in my indignation; though the same men, an

hour after, marched under an officer whom they despised, and followed him to the Directory. What a lesson to the commanders of troops!

A few moments after this scene, I ordered the ranks to open, that I might inspect my corps, who still kept a good countenance. I had proceeded as far as the third company, when I heard loud and repeated cries of *Vive la République!* and, at the same time, Augereau appeared at the head of so numerous a staff, that the first court of the barracks was quite full. There were above 400 officers of all ranks, among whom I perceived many justly celebrated men, particularly Santerre, Tunck, Yon, Rossignol, Puget, Barbantane, Châteauneuf-Randon, Bessierre, Fournier, Pâche, and the widow Ronsin, in an amazonian dress; also Dutertre and Peyron, both of whom had escaped from the gallies. In short, the very scum of our brave French armies, the leaders of all the revolutionary bands, rushed in a moment among the ranks of my grenadiers, all crying out *Vive la République!*

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At this time Augereau came directly up to me, and in his train, which separated me from my men, I perceived Blanchard stirring up his worthy friends, and mixing with the ranks. Among other ill-boding cries, I distinguished these words —“ Soldiers, they want to treat you as they did the Swiss on the 10th of August.”—“ General Ramel,” exclaimed Augereau, “ why have you disobeyed the minister’s orders and mine ?” —“ Because,” replied I, “ I received contrary orders from the legislative body.” —“ You have exposed yourself,” returned he, “ to be tried by a court-martial and shot.” —“ I have done my duty,” replied I.—“ Do you acknowledge me,” said he, “ as commander in chief of the division ?” —“ Yes,” said I.—“ Well,” replied he, “ I order you under arrest.” —“ I go,” said I, and immediately was crossing the gallery of communication of the quarters of my grenadiers to my own apartment, when I heard that Augereau was following me with part of his staff. Among other menaces, I distinguished these words—“ You shall suffer as much as you have made others suffer ;” yet I never

caused any one to suffer, except those miscreants who deserved it !

As he was now close to me, I put my hand on my sword ; upon which all of them fell upon me at once ; my sword was broken, I was dragged along, and my clothes were torn. The most furious of my assassins was a serjeant of grenadiers, named Viel, whom I had ordered under arrest a few days before. He now endeavoured to plunge his sabre into my body. It was Augereau himself who saved me from being murdered, and disengaged me from my assailants, crying out vehemently—“ Leave him, leave him, do not kill him ; I promise you he shall be shot to-morrow !”

These miscreants now tore my hat, which had fallen in the contest, but not, as has been said, the badges of my military rank ; it was only for my blood they thirsted.

A faithful servant, who came out to meet me, was cut with a sabre in the face, and, being co-

vered with wounds, took refuge in my wife's chamber.

When I got home I was not allowed to settle my affairs, but was conducted almost immediately to the Temple, together with my brother Henry, who obtained permission to accompany me. The jailor said, as we entered—"O! here
 " is one of them; the gentleman must be shown
 " into the *Chambre des Opinions*." This was the room in which the unfortunate Louis was imprisoned, nor had I any hope of quitting it in any other manner.

At half after eight, the jailor came to inform me, that the deputies arrested at the committee of inspection were just brought in. They were also shown into the King's apartment, and the communication with the rooms formerly occupied by the Queen and Princesses was left free. The arrested deputies were Pichegru, Willot, d'Auchy de Loire, Jarri, Lamétrie, Larue, Bourdon de l'Oise, and Durumas. We found at the Temple Commodore (Sir Sidney) Smith, la Vilheurnois,

Brothier and Duverne du Presle : but the last was removed to the prison called the *Maison de Force* immediately on our arrival. At noon the deputy Aubry was brought in ; at half past three Lafond Ladebat, President of the Council of Elders, Tronçon du Coudrai, Marbois, and Goupil de Prefeln, all members of the same Council. These last were arrested at the house of Lafond Ladebat, under pretence that they were holding a seditious meeting.

They were first carried before Sotin, the minister of police, where they complained of the violence done to the representatives of the people, and demanded a sight of the order of the Directory. Sotin answered with a sneer, " It is of very little consequence, gentlemen, to show you the orders ; for when we come to these extremities, it is the same thing whether we commit ourselves a little more or a little less."

On the 19th we heard an account of the sittings held by the minority of the two Councils under the eyes of the Directory, and that a law

had been passed, condemning us, without cause and without judgment, to be deported to the place fixed on by the Directory themselves. At this sentence we were much surprised ; for we did not doubt but after our violent arrestation, a shorter and consequently less painful fate awaited us under the forms of military law.

Those of the imprisoned deputies who were not proscribed were now set at liberty ; namely, Goupil de Prefeln, Lamétrie, d'Auchy, Jarri, and Durumas.

On the 20th, General Augereau gave orders in the following terms. " General Dutertre, commandant of the Temple, is ordered not to permit any communication with the deported deputies, whatever be the order under which it shall be demanded, or the authority by whom such order may be given, unless it be signed by me." This Dutertre had a month before come out of the galleys of Toulon, where he had been confined under sentence of a court martial for robbery, assassination, and setting fire to houses in la Vendée.

On that day our wives were allowed to come to the Temple. What heart-rending scenes ! what cruel separations ! I was not permitted to see mine except in the presence of an officer, who would not suffer us to whisper or speak in the dialect of Languedoc, which he did not understand. Enraged at this restraint, I broke off my interview, and intreated my wife to leave me. She obeyed ; but her cries and sobs still vibrate in my ear !

The same day was brought to the Temple General Murinais, one of the inspectors of the hall of the Elders. This venerable old man had been arrested as he was going in perfect security to the Council.

On the 21st, I parted with my brother Henry, though I had great difficulty to induce him to leave me ; for he persisted in sharing my misfortunes, and without the assistance of my fellow prisoners, Tronçon du Coudray and Barbé Marbois, I should never have convinced him that he would do me more service by consoling my family for my loss, than by assisting me to bear my chains.

At midnight the jailor came to inform us, that the minister of police was just arrived with the Director Barthélemy, and that probably we were immediately to set off. Nor were we even allowed a quarter of an hour to collect our effects together, although none of us were at all prepared for so precipitate a departure.

When we came down to the foot of the tower we found Barthélemy between Augereau and Sotin, who, as he brought him to the Temple in his carriage, said to him, "Such is the nature of revolutions! *we* triumph to-day, to-morrow, perhaps, *your* turn will come." Barthélemy having asked him, if no misfortune had happened, and whether the public tranquillity had not been disturbed? Sotin replied, "No; the dose was a good one; the people have swallowed the pill, and it has taken effect."

When Sotin took leave of us, he affected to be gay, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish you a good voyage." Augereau called over the condemned, and, as we were named, a guard con-

ducted us to the carriages that were waiting for us, across a line of soldiers who insulted us. Some of us were even maltreated, and our faithful servants, among whom was my poor Etienne, whose face was gashed and disfigured with wounds, had not left the prison gate, where they had been watching for our departure, that they might bid us adieu, but they were repulsed, and struck by the soldiers, who cried out, " This is " not the promise that was made us : why are " they suffered to go away, and why are they " carrying their effects with them ?" Augereau observing our tranquillity, could not contain his rage, which he suffered to break forth in a manner that deserves to be recorded.

Le Tellier, servant to Barthélemy, came running up, as we were getting into the carriages, with an order from the Directory, permitting him to accompany his master. He delivered it to Augereau, who, having read it, said, " You " are determined, then, to share the fate of these " men, who are lost for ever. Whatever events " await them, be assured, they will never return."

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“ My mind is made up,” answered Le Tellier, “ I shall be but too happy to share the misfortunes of my master.” “ Well, then,” replied Augereau, “ go ! fanatic, and perish with him.”— At the same time adding, “ Soldiers, let this man “ be watched as closely as those miscreants.” Le Tellier now threw himself on his knees, before his master, who was but too happy at this awful moment to press so affectionate a friend to his bosom. This worthy fellow has constantly shown the same courage and attachment, and we have always treated and considered him as one of our companions.

The four carriages in which the sixteen prisoners were seated, without regard to the ill health and weakness of some of us, were placed upon four-wheeled waggons, nearly resembling gun-carriages. They were a kind of cage, secured on all their four sides with bars of iron breast high, which bruised us with the least shake or jolt. We were four in each carriage, besides a guard who carried the key of the padlock that fastened the iron grating by which we

entered. General Dutertre commanded the escort, consisting of 600 men, infantry and cavalry, and two pieces of cannon. During the time that the carriages and cavalcade were preparing to move, in the court-yard of the Temple, we were loaded with insults by a considerable body of anarchists.

We set off at two in the morning of the 22nd. Fructidor (8 September) in dreadfully bad weather, and were made to traverse all Paris, which we were to quit by the *Barrière d'Enfer*, leading to the Orleans road: instead of going along the *Rue St. Jacques*, our escort turned to the right, after passing the bridge, and brought us by the Luxembourg Palace, where our melancholy funeral procession was detained more than three quarters of an hour. We saw lights in the apartments of the palace, and amidst the tumultuous joy of the guards, we heard the execrable Dutertre called to, and desired *to take good care of those gentlemen*. Some too well known members of the minority in the Council of Five-Hundred, who were holding the celebrated permanent

sitting at the Odeum, came out to see us, and basely insulted us. They mixed with the *chasseurs* of the escort, gave them drink, and, approaching the carriages, drank our healths, and talked to us of *mercy and pardon*.

The stormy night, the glare of the fire-pots burning around the theatre of the Odeum, and the howlings of the terrorists, made this dreadful farewell a scene of horror truly worthy of the barbarians who gave it birth. At length, however, the escort passed along the *Rue d'Enfer*, and thus we quitted Paris.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Arpajon, which is eight leagues from Paris, extremely fatigued with the jolting of the waggons along this paved road; both Barthélemy and Barbé Marbois appeared almost exhausted. Yet, to our astonishment, in lieu of procuring us a comfortable lodging, that we might recover our strength, the commandant, Dutertre, conducted us to an obscure dirty prison. He watched our countenances as we quitted the carriages to enter

our dungeon, and was enraged that any of us should appear not to be affected by this accumulation of hardships. "These miscreants," cried he, "look as if they meant to brave me; but I will see if I cannot conquer this insolence." I had already laid myself down on some straw, together with several of my companions: Barthélemy, who was standing, raised his hands towards Heaven: Barbé Marbois, who was very ill, arrived, and drawing back with horror at the sight and mephitic smell of this subterraneous" dungeon, said to Dutertre, "Let me be shot immediately, and spare me the horrors of dying by inches." The latter smiled, and made a sign to the jailor to do his office. The jailor's wife then said, with an imprecation, to Marbois, "You pretend to be very nice; many men who are as good as you don't make such a pother." As she finished this speech she took him by the arm and threw him from the top to the bottom, and, notwithstanding our cries and those of our wounded fellow prisoner, this infernal fury immediately shut the door upon us, and left us in the dark to raise up our unfortunate friend, who was covered with

blood. Nor could we obtain for him either a surgeon or any other assistance ; not even a little water to wash his wounds, though his face was much bruised, and one of his jaw bones fractured.

On the 23d Fructidor (9 Sept.), at noon, we passed through the little town of Etampes, too famous, in the course of the revolution, for the commotions of the anarchists, and the murder of a respectable magistrate. Here Dutertre made us halt in the middle of the public square, and exposed us to the insults of the populace, who were suffered to collect around the carriages. We were hooted at, cursed, and covered with mud ; and in vain desired we might either go on, or be allowed to get out. Tronçon du Coudray, who was very ill, had gone into the same carriage with his friend Marbois, who had obtained a bundle of straw, as a favour, on account of his recent wound, and the fever it had caused. General Murinais, the Director Barthélemy, and Lafond Ladebat, had joined them. These five men, who were united by a similarity of opi-

nions and of views relative to the causes and consequences of the events of the 5th Sept., continued together during the remainder of our journey. At Etampes, which is in the department of the Seine and Oise, du Coudray, who was deputy for that department, was in the very district whose inhabitants had contributed to his election with the greatest ardour. He strongly felt the ingratitude and base desertion of his fellow-citizens; and suddenly rising up, as if he had been at the tribune, " 'Tis I myself," said he, " 'tis your representative; do you know me in this iron cage? 'Tis I to whom you entrusted the guardianship of your rights, and it is in my person those rights have been violated. I am dragged to punishment without having been tried, or even accused. My crime is that of having defended your liberties and properties, endeavoured to procure peace for our country, and thus to restore your children to you. My crime is that of having been faithful to the constitution which we have sworn to maintain. And you this day repay my zeal and assiduity to serve and defend you, by uniting with

my executioners!" This vehement harangue of du Coudray, of which I have only given the outline, struck a momentary awe into this outrageous mob, among whom, no doubt, there could not be one true French citizen. They presently renewed their insults, which continued, without interruption, till some bread and wine were brought us for our dinner.

After being thus exposed, as it were, in a pillory, during thirteen hours, we set off to sleep at Angerville, which is four leagues from Orleans. Here Dutertre again persisted in crowding us into a dungeon, when Adjutant-General Augereau (who ought by no means to be confounded with the General of that name), being moved with compassion, took upon himself to lodge us at an inn; upon which Dutertre immediately put him under arrest, and sent him back to Paris.

Early on the 24th (10 Sept.) we arrived at Orleans, where we passed the remainder of the day and the following night in a house of confinement, formerly the convent of Ursulines.

Here we met with some feeling hearts, and the hand of humanity eluded the vigilance of our guard, and afforded us those consolations, the charms of which can scarcely be conceived by those who have not experienced them under circumstances of the deepest misery. Here we were not guarded by our escort, but by the Gendarmerie, whose commander discharged his duty with kindness and generosity. Two ladies, or rather two angels, having already made every necessary preparation at the Ursulines, disguised themselves in coarse dresses, to procure an opportunity of attending on us. They offered us such succours as we wanted, and also money: we thanked them affectionately for their kindness, and, though we declined their offers, have derived from the impression this generous action made upon our hearts, a consolation which has often supported our constancy in the hour of trial. At Orleans we might have made our escape, not by the assistance of the generous ladies, but of persons whose names would in vain be sought for, and who would have devoted themselves for our safety. But we unanimously
rejected

rejected the proposal. By some incomprehensible blindness, the majority of our party, and especially those of the Council of Elders, would at that time have thought we sullied our characters had we attempted to elude our sentence.

On the 25th (11 Sept.) we were carried from Orleans to Blois, where we no sooner arrived than we perceived an uncommon assemblage of watermen. Here the carriages were attacked, but Captain Gauthier, who commanded the cavalry of the escort, repulsed the wretches who were at the head of this commotion. We remarked very different impressions in the people: "There they are!" cried they; "there are the miscreants who killed the King! There are his assassins! They have loaded us with taxes; they eat our bread, and are the cause of the war." In short, all the reproaches which the people might justly have directed against their tyrants were lavished upon the victims of tyranny. We were lodged in a small and very damp church, where a little straw had been strewed on the pavement; and it was impossible for us to take

any rest. We endeavoured to learn the cause of these opposite movements of the people, and were informed that the celebrated Abbé Grégoire had procured us this kind reception by his pastoral letters.

On the 26th (12 September) before we quitted our prison at Blois we were witnesses to the last interview and cruel separation of Mr. and Madame de Marbois. This lady was at her estate near Metz when she was informed of the arrest of her husband. On this she flew to Paris, but did not arrive there till after our departure. She immediately followed us, but without waiting to apply to the Directory for permission to see her husband wherever she might overtake us, and the commissary of the government at Blois made use of this pretext to refuse her request. She was in like manner repulsed by the commandant, Dutertre. At length, however, and only a few moments before our departure, by shewing the jailors the permission she had obtained to see her husband in the Temple, she procured that of entering our prison, when she was only allowed a

quarter of an hour, during which an officer held his watch in his hand. A little before the last minute was expired, Marbois collected his strength, and led his worthy help-mate towards us; but Barthélemy and Ducoudray were already so much altered that she could not recollect them. "My friends," said her husband, "I present to you Madame de Marbois, who, while parting with me, is desirous to take her leave of you." We gathered round her with transport; and she wished us, not courage, but health and strength. She now burst into tears, and Marbois said, with firmness: "Leave us, leave us; it is time we should part." He then embraced her and carried her in his arms to the gate of the prison, which he opened and shut again himself, after which he fell on the pavement in a swoon. We immediately flew to his assistance. "My friends," said he, when partly recovered, "here I am again entire. I have found again the source of my courage." Accordingly from that time he was less depressed by his illness, recovered a part of his strength, and with it that firm and serene

countenance which is the natural companion of fortitude.

The preparations for our departure from Blois were protracted so long that we had reason to fear we were to remain there; and it was by a singular circumstance we learnt the motives of this delay. The Adjutant General of our escort, Colin, well known in consequence of the part he took in the massacres of the 2nd. of September, and a man named Guillet, his worthy companion, came into the prison about 10 o'clock, when they both seemed much agitated. "Gentlemen," said the municipal officer of the guard, who had never left us since our arrival, "why do you not set off? every thing has been long ready; the crowd increases; and your conduct is more than suspicious. I have seen and heard both of you instigating the people to commit violence on the prisoners, and I declare to you that if any accident happens I will cause my deposition to be recorded in the books of the municipality." These two villains stammered out some paltry excuses, and we were accom-

panied at our departure with the same clamours, imprecations and menaces, with which we had been received the day before.

That night (12th September) we slept at Amboise, in so small a room that we could not lay ourselves down upon the straw, and we felt very impatient to arrive at Tours that we might take a little rest.

We arrived there on the 27th (13th September). This town had lately experienced a commotion in which some blood had been spilt. The anarchists, who had long been kept down, had broke out under pretext of the pretended conspiracy of the legislative body. Emboldened by the new measures of the government, whose protection had been given to miscreants, and not content with oppressing good citizens from whom that protection was withdrawn, they attacked them with arms, and imbrued their hands in their blood. The constituted authorities had lately undergone what, in the language of these men, is called a purification, and the places of

the true magistrates elected by the people were now filled by the same men who, during the war of La Vendée, had become eminent among informers and executioners. We were carried to the prison of the Conciergerie, which was full of galley-slaves in chains, and we were put together with them into a court surrounded by dungeons, where they were shut up at night, and one of which was now appropriated for us. Our guard had scarcely left us, before the convicts with one accord withdrew into a corner, and while they thus modestly kept their distance, one of them said to us: "Gentlemen, we are sorry to see you here. We are not worthy to approach you; but if in the miserable condition to which we are reduced we can render you any service, deign to accept it. The dungeon appointed for you is the coldest and narrowest of all; and we request you to accept of ours which is larger and less damp." We thanked these poor wretches, and accepted this singular hospitality, offered us by hands which had been sullied with crimes, but by hearts which were open to pity.

It was above thirty hours since we had eaten, when a pound of bread and half a bottle of wine each, which was all our allowance, were brought to us.

On the 28th (14th September) we arrived at St. Maure. Our escort was extremely fatigued, for we made double the usual marches, and no halts. The infantry had been exchanged in the garrisons; but the cavalry were quite exhausted. Dutertre finding here a moveable column of the national guards, consisting of peasants, placed us in their custody, the better to refresh his troops, and rendered the municipality responsible for our persons. And here let me pay a tribute of gratitude and remembrance for the compassionate attentions we received from the inhabitants of St. Maure, who procured us that wholesome food of which we were in extreme want. We were now less narrowly guarded, and such was the negligence or rather the benevolence of these good peasants, the majority of whom were armed only with pikes, that we could go even to the high road without being attended or watched by the senti-

nels. As we were within musket shot of the forest, some of us proposed, and myself among the number, to take advantage of this favourable opportunity. Not that I would have abandoned any one of my brothers in misfortune, but I was extremely desirous they should all determine to make their escape. Unfortunately they could not agree upon this measure. All the members of the Council of Five Hundred were for escaping, but those of the Council of Elders persisted in remaining. They said, it was impossible but the nation should, sooner or later, open their eyes, and at length grant them judges. "And are you not already judged, condemned and abandoned?" replied their colleagues; "make use of an opportunity which will never again return." Willot, who knew the country from having been there in the service, strongly persisted in his opinion, and offered to be our guide. Marbois declared that he had rather submit to his fate than furnish his enemies with weapons against him. Tronçon du Coudray said positively, that he thought it his duty to his country and to his constituents, ungrateful as they were,

were, to act consistently with his character, and to wait in prison till a proper time for his justification. As to the agents of the King, they doubted not they should be liberated by some party of Royalists before they arrived at Rochefort; and the Abbé Brothier heartily pitied us Constitutionalists, because we should be very ill received, and, perhaps, cut to pieces by the Vendéens. The members of the Elders, however, prevailed, and, day appearing, we again beheld our iron cages, and the Cerberus Dutertre.

We set off, and proceeded a long time amidst this extensive forest, which might so well have afforded us an asylum, and protected our flight. The roads were so bad, and our waggons jolted so severely, that we asked in vain for permission to walk on foot in the midst of the escort; for when once we had entered the carriages, and the iron grating was locked, they were not opened again till night. Even Pichegru and myself, though still young and hardened by the fatigues of war, supported this with difficulty; but the old men, and Marbois, Barthélemy, and du

Coudray, who were ill, suffered inexpressible pain. At our arrival, our treatment was still more cruel. Every night we were exhibited as a sight to the people, and then shut up in prisons, when we were worse accommodated and fed than the vilest criminals.

That of Chatellerault, where we arrived on the 29th (15 Sept.), appeared the worst we had yet occupied. Here we were shut up in so infectious a dungeon, that several of us swooned, and we should all have been stifled, had not the door, at which sentinels were placed to watch us closely, been speedily opened. Marbois was very ill, and du Coudray, who was attending him, was sitting on the straw, when a poor wretch, who had been in close imprisonment, came to visit us in our dungeon. He hastened to bring us some fresh water, and offered his bed to Marbois, who accepted it, and was somewhat better after this repose. "Be patient, gentlemen," said this man, "in time we accustom ourselves to every thing."

On the 30th (16 Sept.) we were treated but little better at Poitiers, although some persons, whom prudence forbids me to name, exerted themselves to give us some proofs of their kindness. This was the native place of the deputy Thibaudeau, a member of the Council of Five Hundred, who, being excepted from the list of proscriptions, had the courage and generosity to demand the honour of being deported.

On the 17th Sept. we arrived at Lusignan. The prison of this little town being too small to hold all sixteen of us, Dutertre gave orders that we should pass the night in the carriages in the middle of the public square; notwithstanding the heavy rain and cold wind we had endured throughout the day. The mayor and the commandant of the national guard, who was an old man of great humanity, offered to be responsible for us, and, with great difficulty, obtained permission to lodge us in an inn. Scarcely were we housed, before we saw a courier arrive. Each of us formed his own conjectures; some suddenly conceived hopes, and all of us thought some

new event had taken place. But we soon found the object of his embassy was of little importance. It was merely an order from the Directory to the Adjutant-General Guillet, to arrest and bring his general, Dutertre, to Paris, on account of the extortions and peculations he had committed since our departure, and the 800 louis-d'ors he had received for the expences of the journey; for which he provided by requisitions from the municipalities. I confess that I received some pleasure from seeing this wretch thus punished by his masters before he had completed the mission with which they had entrusted him, and which he so well discharged. When I heard the carriage that was intended for him approach, I was desirous of seeing his countenance in my turn. My curiosity, however, had nearly cost me my life. As I opened the window, a sentinel from without, apparently in conformity to former orders from Dutertre, fired at me, and the ball broke the bar above my head.

I have already said, that the arrest of Dutertre was to us an event of but little importance, because

the Adjutant-General Guillet, who succeeded him, was no better than his predecessor. Of this we had a proof the next day (the 18th Sept.) at St. Maixent, where he arrested the mayor before our eyes, because, moved with compassion at our deplorable situation, he had said to us, with great humanity, "gentlemen, I feel much for you, and every good citizen participates in my sentiments." This act of violence produced such discontent and murmuring, that Guillet was obliged to set this worthy man at liberty. It was at this place the descriptions of our persons were taken. An officer of the staff called us two by two, interrogated us, and dictated the description to the *Brigand* Cordebar (the same who was condemned at Vendôme, together with Babœuf). Here he acted in the capacity of secretary to the commandant of the escort. There is no kind of insult and gross abuse that these wretches did not lavish upon us. "And thou," said one of them, "what trade or calling didst thou follow?"—"That," returned I, "which villains like thee have dishonoured; I am a soldier."

As yet we had received no information relative to the fate that awaited us, or where we were going; nor did we even know of our proscription, but by listening to the criers about the Temple. Even the pretended law of the 19th Fructidor (5 Sept.) had not been officially communicated to us. On our arrival at Niort, on the 19th Sept., being extremely desirous to read the public papers, we asked for them with great earnestness. We were in the dungeon of the castle, a dark damp hole, more than 25 feet below the surface of the earth; and the municipal officer who was upon guard over us promised to send us, the next day, all the newspapers he could collect. But the ex-conventionalist, le Cointre Puiravaux, one of the vilest tools of the anarchists, and who was commissary of the government there, forbid all communication with the deported persons, under the severest penalties. On this occasion, none of us escaped the bad effects of the dampness of our dungeon, which we quitted the next day (20 Sept.) almost unable to move, and went to sleep at Surgères, where the roads divide that lead to Rochelle and

Rochefort. Here the hurry and bustle we observed around us, the couriers that were going and coming, the extraordinary precaution of placing the sentinels within our dungeon, every thing led us to imagine we were near the end of our journey; and we hoped that at length we should be indulged with a few days repose, and receive the effects and the succours of all kinds, which our precipitate departure had prevented our bringing away with us. We even flattered ourselves that, after having rid themselves of the men whom the public esteem rendered formidable to them, the Directory, confiding in the stupor of the nation, would not act with a useless severity towards us, that could only increase the general hatred, of which they were the object. We were deceived; for honest men will ever be deceived when they attempt to speculate on the conduct of villains, or to calculate the degrees of criminality they will incur.

On the 21st September we left Surgères at three o'clock in the morning, and by the most dreadful roads, where we were extremely bruised on

all sides for nine tedious leagues. We arrived at three in the afternoon in sight of Rochefort. But in lieu of entering the city, as we hoped, our cavalcade turned off along the glacis, and going round the city, directed its course to the port. This was a most awful moment; for we perceived but too clearly that our fate was determined, and that we were about to be separated, perhaps for ever, from every thing that can attach men to life. The most ill-omened presages now surrounded us. The garrison of Rochefort lined the hedge upon the road, and a crowd of sailors made the air re-echo with the ill-boding cry of "*To the water, to the water!*" Thus we arrived on the banks of the Charente, where the innumerable workmen of the dock-yards, the soldiers of the garrison, and the sailors, ran to the water-side, and, crowding round our carriages and our escort, cried out aloud—" *Down with the tyrants; make them drink out of the large cup.*"

Such were the farewell salutations we received from our fellow-citizens, while an adjutant or commissary of marine, named la Coste, whose
face,

face, which was furrowed with scars, I seemed to recollect, called over the deported persons, and received us from the commandant of the escort, Guillet.

As we came out of the carriages the commissary la Coste put us into a boat: but he found M. de Marbois in so bad a state of health, that at first he refused to take him on board, declaring that he was dying, and could not bear two days voyage. Upon this, Guillet put himself in a passion, threatened to arrest la Coste, and swore he would denounce him and have him cashiered. Accordingly, Marbois was carried into the boat, and Guillet embarked along with us.

We were now taken on board a two-masted vessel, which was moored about the middle of the river, and called the *Brilliant*, being a small privateer taken from the English. Some ill-looking soldiers rudely made us go down between decks, pushing and crowding us towards the fore-castle, whilst we were stifled with the smoke of the kitchen.

We were suffering extremely from hunger and thirst; for we had neither eaten nor drank during thirty-six hours. A pail of water was let down in the midst of us, and a couple of the crew's loaves were thrown down beside it, with a gesture of the utmost contempt. We were, however, unable to eat on account of the smoke and our very uneasy situation. In the mean while, the sentinels, who pressed us more and more, held the most horrid language. Pichegru having resented the insolence of the soldier who was in the midst of us, the latter replied to the general—“Thou hadst better be silent, for thou art not yet out of our power.” This was a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age.

We had reason to believe that the place of our deportation was no other than the bed of the river Charente, and that we were already on board one of those horrid instruments of execution, a vessel with a trap-door, invented to quench the thirst of tyrants for human blood, and to murder in the dark as rapidly as possible as many victims as their thoughts or their caprice could desire.

Thus we continued till night. What a dreadful night ! we listened with anxious suspense, constantly expecting the fatal moment to arrive ; and when the sailors began to hand the ropes, we doubted not but our last hour was come. But instead of this the Brilliant had set sail, and was going down the river. The tide, however, was against us, and at eleven o'clock at night we moored in the great road. A few moments after we had cast anchor, six of us were called up on deck. This was a dreadful moment !—I was not of the number of those who were first called, and we bid, as we thought, a final adieu to our companions. This successive calling us up, the ferocious joy of the soldiers and of the crew, the presence of Guillet, convinced us our fellow prisoners were taken from us to execution. In this cruel suspense we remained near half an hour, in silent horror and resignation.

More of us were afterwards called up in our turn, and then only four remained. Aubry, Bourdon, Dossonville and Willot were those who experienced this last anguish, this pro-

longation of torture : till at length, contrary to our expectation, we all met again on board a corvette, named *la Vaillante*, commanded by Captain Julien, who as he received us on board, desired us to be patient ; and assured us that while he punctually performed the orders of the Directory, he would neglect nothing to soften our afflictions. The commandant Guillet followed us on board the *Vaillante*, and, perceiving the impression his presence made on us, said: " Yes, gentlemen, here I am again."

We were now ordered down between decks. " Do they intend to starve us to death ?" cried the unfortunate Dossonville, who suffered more cruelly than any of us in consequence of the want of food. " No, no, gentlemen," said an officer of the corvette, laughing, (this was des Poyes formerly an officer on board the Royal fleet) " your supper will be brought you presently." " Do but give me some fruit," said Marbois, almost expiring. Immediately after two loaves of the crew's bread were thrown down from above board. This was all the promised

supper we received, and however frugal it was for our miserable party, who had not eaten during forty hours, we have often looked back to it with a longing recollection : for that was the last time we tasted bread !

This last removal to a vessel of war, the motions of the crew in preparing to get under sail, the reception of the captain, the humanity that appeared in his language, notwithstanding the severity of his countenance, and his firm tone in the presence of his crew, every thing concurred in convincing us, or inducing us to believe, that, at least, we were not to be speedily put to death—when on a sudden Captain Julien, who a moment before had been talking with Guillet near the edge of the hatchway, came down between decks, accompanied by some armed soldiers, and distributed hammocks to only twelve of us, whom he called to receive them. Those who had none, were Willot, Pichegru, Dossonville, and myself. We were separated from our companions by the guard that attended Captain Julien, who himself ordered us to go

down into the boatswain's store-room, saying, "As for you four gentlemen, that is to be your lodging."

This unexpected blow seemed as much to affect our twelve companions as ourselves; nor would they consent to be separated from us; but requested to be treated with equal barbarity. Tronçon du Coudray and Barbé Marbois in particular exclaimed against this separation, and insisted strongly on our sharing the same fate. Barthélemy and his faithful le Tellier, seeing us dragged away by the soldiers into the store-room, ran to the hatchway and jumped down with us; upon which the captain threatened to make them go up again by means of the bayonet; but they did not yield to his menaces; they yielded only to our urgent entreaties.

Thus four of us now remained in the profoundest darkness, in that horrid dungeon, infected by the exhalations of the hold, and by the cables, without hammocks or coverings, or any thing on

which to lay our heads ; though unable to hold ourselves upright.

Our twelve fellow prisoners were also extremely confined between decks, over our heads, with the hatchways shut, and, like us, entirely deprived of air, of motion, and of the necessaries of life.

The corvette set sail at four o'clock in the morning, as we perceived by the cries of the crew, and, soon after, by the motion of the waves.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 22d of February one of the hatchways was opened, we heard the bell ring for the crew's breakfast, and a biscuit for each of us was thrown down.

Our companions now desired the captain to be called ; upon which he came to the hatchway : " Deported !" said the Captain, " what do you want with me ?" — " To tell you," said Marbois, " that the biscuit we have just received is a kind

of food to which none of us are accustomed. Some of us are old, and cannot chew it, and besides, that given us is so rotten, that none of your crew would eat it. We desire you to inform us of the orders you have received relative to us."—"Deported," replied the captain, "I have no other biscuit to order you; 'tis the food I am to give you. Take what is offered, and think yourselves happy that I do not more rigorously execute the orders I have received. 'Tis very singular, that in your present situation, you should demand a sight of my orders. I have nothing to communicate."—"As I have performed several long voyages," replied Marbois, "I must inform you, that if you keep us thus closely shut up, and deprived of the external air, and without those precautions which are indispensably necessary to prevent our rendering that air we breathe infectious; not only you will kill us in a very few days, but you will have the plague on board your ship, and lose your crew."—"Well," said the captain, as he went away, "I shall see what I can do when we have got out of sight of the French coast."

At

At noon a biscuit each was again brought us, and a bucket full of gourganes or large beans boiled, and without any kind of seasoning, was set down for us. This was afterwards our daily allowance, and the only food that was given us during the whole voyage. With this two cabin boys were appointed to serve us. He that waited on our fellow prisoners was named Aristides, and was a very handsome and a very good lad; but ours was an ill-looking, ill-disposed boy. The characters of these attendants, the only persons with whom we could communicate, was of great importance to our fate; and Aristides had a considerable share in the consolations which we very rarely experienced—the good little Aristides!

Such was our lot on board this floating tomb, which tore us from our native soil, and was carrying us to an unknown country.

Scarcely had we got out to sea before the winds became contrary, and the tempest so violent, that the captain was obliged to put into the road of Rochelle, where we cast anchor before night.

About eleven o'clock the next day (23rd Sept.) Admiral Martin came on board the corvette, notwithstanding the bad weather, bringing with him Captain la Porte, who had orders from the Directory to take the command instead of Captain Julien. This event we learnt merely by listening to the proclamation of Admiral Martin, who ordered the crew to obey their new captain.

We soon perceived, by the manner in which Captain la Porte set out, that under the command of Captain Julien we had not yet sunk to the lowest state of misery. We heard him with a harsh thundering voice, like that of a speaking trumpet, haranguing his crew as follows: "Soldiers, I order you to watch these great culprits closely; and you, sailors, I forbid you, under pain of death, to communicate, in any manner whatever, with those miscreants." He then went his rounds, and called us over; and, having examined us closely, said, "gentlemen, you are very fortunate to have been treated with so much *clemency*."

The winds were contrary, and there was a great swell in the sea. About three o'clock the same day (23d Sept.), a boat put off from Rochelle, and made towards the corvette with all the force of their oars. On being hailed, they answered they had some effects belonging to the deported persons: but Captain la Porte forbid them to board us, and threatened to sink them. The boat, however, was already under the stern of the *Vaillante*, and the son of Laffond Ladebat declared his name, supplicating for permission to see his father and give him some clothes. But the captain was inflexible to the groans of this wretched father, who, hearing the voice of his son, cried out with rage, and struggled between decks. He was equally inflexible to the tears and cries of the young man, who, full of despair, supplicated on his knees that he might be permitted, for this last time, to embrace his father. "No, no," cried la Porte; "take thyself away immediately, or I will sink thee." He only permitted young Laffond to deliver the portmanteau he brought to the sailors, and then ordered the boat to keep off, together with this af-

fectionate son, who never afterwards beheld his father.

An hour after this heart-rending scene, the captain got under sail, notwithstanding the tempest, thus braving all the dangers of the Bay of Biscay even during the equinoxial gales, not only that we might incur this additional risk, but hoping, no doubt, that by this means we should escape the English. Thus we a second time quitted the coasts of France at five o'clock in the afternoon, on the 23d of September. The night was very stormy, and we had nearly been lost in doubling the reefs of the Pertuis d'Antioche. The next day, however, (24th Sept.) the captain was again obliged to come to, and cast anchor nearly abreast of the mouth of the river of Bourdeaux, in the road of Blaye.

I can give no account of the nautical manœuvres of our ship, nor can I add any thing to what I have already said, of our situation during the first days of our voyage; for, notwithstanding the illness which the rolling of the ship occasioned

in most of us, we had not yet obtained permission to go upon deck, and the hatches being constantly shut on account of the bad weather, we were all in the greatest agony.

On the 25th, the winds having abated, we again got under sail. It was not, however, till four days after (on the 29th Sept.), that we were permitted to go upon deck for an hour; one-half of us being called up at four o'clock, and the other half at five. During these two hours, the soldiers were under arms, and the deported were only allowed to walk in the gangway between two masts. They were prohibited from speaking, and all the crew were forbid to say any thing to them.

The detachments which had been put on board the *Vaillante* to guard us, chiefly consisted of marines sent home from the islands of France and Bourbon by Messrs. de Circey, together with the commissaries of the Directory, who had been sent to those colonies to carry out the decrees which had disorganized and destroyed the French set-

tlements at the Antilles. These men had formerly been selected from among the revolutionary bands of the committee of Nantes, so famous in the annals of terror by the massacres and the drownings of the priests who were sentenced to deportation !

We heard them relate to each other their various exploits. One boasted of having, during a march, assassinated his captain in the back, and thrown him into a ditch, because he suspected him of aristocracy ; another coolly enumerated how many priests he had drowned in the Loire ; a third explained to his comrades how these drownings were performed, and the grimaces of the unfortunate wretches at the moment of submersion : several of them bragged of having killed with their oars those who, after passing through the trap-door in the drowning vessels, endeavoured to save their lives by swimming ; and they acknowledged that those who had sent them back from the island of Bourbon had done well, for that otherwise they would have put that colony *à la hauteur de la révolution* !

If these monsters suspended for a moment their horrid conversations, it was to sing disgusting songs. They chose the time of our rest, to place themselves by the hatchway, and howl out their obscenities, their blasphemies, and their songs of cannibals. If we requested their indulgence, they loaded us with abuse, and immediately resumed their infernal chorusses.

On the eighth day of our voyage, when we were permitted to breathe for an hour each day, only three of us, Tronçon du Coudray, Pichegru, and la Vilhernois, were able to avail themselves of this liberty. The rest had not strength enough to go upon deck. I was myself eight-and-twenty days without being able to go quite out of the hole we occupied! The old general Murinais made an effort to climb upon deck, but his strength failed him, and he fell from the upper deck into the hold. We immediately hastened to his assistance, and thought he was killed. In the mean while, some of the sailors slid down the rope into the hold, and assisted us to lift up this poor old man, who was unable to

move, and whose face was terribly bruised, and his white hair covered with blood.—But the ferocious captain ran to the edge of the hatchway, and called aloud, “Sailors, you know your orders, which prohibit you from holding any communication with the deported. Come away, and let a glass of water be given to the sick man.”

Captain la Porte did not omit any species of torment that might contribute to make us sink under our calamities ; and with a refinement of barbarity, would not allow us the use of steps to go upon deck ; so that, being obliged to swarm a rope in the clear of the hatchways, those of the prisoners who were too weak for that exertion, and to whom the fresh air was most necessary, could not procure that indulgence.

The most ordinary, the vilest accommodations and conveniencies, the most necessary utensils were denied us ; and when we asked, as a favour, for a little straw, to prevent us from being bruised by the rolling of the ship, “they are laughing at me,” said the captain ; “the boards
are

are too soft for those rascals. I wish I could have the place paved for them."

Our fellow prisoners represented to the captain, by the interposition of the good little Aristides, that they had no spoons, or cups, or basons, to separate their portions; but the captain replied, "what occasion for spoons to eat *gour-ganes* and biscuit? Have not those villains fingers? and do they not know how to drink out of a bucket? Besides, I will not be troubled; they must know that, in their present situation, all their applications are perfectly useless."

On the fourteenth day of our voyage, the want of air and of food had reduced most of us to the last extremity; and in the momentary visits which the surgeon paid us, he told us, we only suffered from the sea-sickness, and that as for the scurvy, we should find means of cure on shore, for Guiana abounded in turtles.

Pichegru was the only one of the four prisoners in the store-room who was not affected.

with sea-sickness ; but he suffered so much the more severely, in consequence, by hunger, and had frequent paroxysms of rage. But as he had more strength than the rest, he paid great attention to his fellow prisoners.

At seven in the morning of the 4th October, the hatches were opened to air the ship. A little more light than usual now cheered our dungeon, where we seemed struggling with death itself, and our languishing features could scarcely express our mutual adieus ; when suddenly the commandant of the marine guard of the ship, the worthy Capt. Hurto, whom we had only remarked for the decency of his behaviour towards us, jumped into the hold, and, falling amidst us, hurt his leg. "Gentlemen," cried he, in great agitation, "do not ruin me, do not ruin me : but I cannot bear all these horrors. Here is tea and sugar ; Maître Dominique will bring you some hot water. Do you understand me, Maître Dominique ? Him you may trust ; but, for God's sake, do not ruin me ! I must keep my station, that I may support my family, and my poor dear wife !" He could

scarcely utter these words, for his voice was almost stifled with sobs, while he exclaimed, " Oh Heavens ! And 'tis I, 'tis I that am compelled to execute these horrors !"

Presently after, Maître Dominique brought us some hot water and a bason. This refreshment was to us as welcome as the manna from Heaven. It not only restored us to life, but what still more reanimated us, and again opened our hearts to a ray of pleasure, was the unexpected humanity of this beneficent action : this proof that Providence had not utterly abandoned us ; and that there were still some angels of consolation amidst the demons that surrounded us.

On the 7th October we were in sight of the coasts of Spain. Marbois remarked it, and learnt from a sailor, who had privately sold him some bread made of Indian corn, that we were abreast of St. Andero, and that some people from the coast, towards which we were making, had brought us some refreshments. He thought that, on this occasion, we ought to make one

more attempt to prevail with the captain: that this would be our last opportunity of procuring fresh provisions; and that, perhaps, his avarice might, for once, overpower his cruelty, and induce him to permit persons to go on shore to purchase for us the articles we might want. Marbois, therefore, wrote a letter, which was carried to the captain by the faithful Aristides, and which was as follows:

“ Having had no notice of our embarkation for so long a voyage, we had no opportunity to make the least provision for it; you have not communicated the orders and instructions you have received relative to our treatment on board, and it is impossible you should have orders to starve us to death. We must therefore conclude, the barbarities you exercise towards us are an abuse of your authority. Reflect that you may one day repent of your conduct; that our blood will fall upon your own head; and that perhaps to all France, but certainly to our families, to our brothers and our sons, you will have to give

an account of the lives of men whom chance has placed in your hands.

“ We desire, that before we leave the Spanish coasts and the Bay of St. Andero, you will send a boat ashore, to purchase, at our expence, those provisions which are indispensably necessary for us.”

Captain la Porte replied: “ I have no vengeance to fear; I shall not send on shore; I shall not in any respect change the orders I have given; and I will have the first flogged with a cat-o’-nine tails who importunes me with his remonstrances.”

On the morning of the 9th October, we learnt by Aristides that we had at length doubled Cape Ortegál, and the evening of the same day, when Pichegru came down from above board, he told us we had lost sight of the coasts of Europe, and were steering to the northward with a fair wind. The corvette *la Vaillante* is a very good sailor, and made as much as 12 knots an hour

when we had a fresh breeze. And here let me observe a circumstance, which, however, is no otherwise remarkable than from its singular and unfortunate coincidence. I mean that Willot, when commandant at Bayonne, where this corvette was built, had been its godfather, and thus launched, as it were, from its cradle, that very ship on board of which he was now lingering in chains.

From the first day we were permitted to walk upon deck, we endeavoured to discover the dispositions of the crew, by observing their countenances. We already perceived, that Maître Dominique, who was first maître d'équipage, a man about 60 years of age, seemed affected whenever one of us came forth, like a spectre from the tomb; nor could he even fix his eyes upon us without evident marks of sensibility. We have often beheld him, sitting by the mainmast, shedding tears, as we walked to and fro. We learnt from Captain Hurto that it was Maître Dominique, who, when on watch in the night time, used to throw pieces of bread and

cheese below, although having lost all his teeth he deprived himself of his allowance of bread to give it to us. The first time he brought us hot water under pretence of cleaning the pump, we crowded round him to express our gratitude ; and this man, whose tone was severe and even brutal to the sailors, this worthy man sunk almost senseless in our arms. “ Ah, Sirs,” cried he, “ this voyage will cost me my life, because I am compelled to conceal my anguish.”

Dominique was incessantly employed in procuring us some comfort or alleviation, though he had considerable difficulty in eluding the vigilance of the captain. It was Aristides that generally performed his commissions, and when he was not satisfied with his attention or acuteness, he beat the poor little fellow. We had the mortification to hear his cries on these occasions, and trembled lest this should betray the kindness of Dominique. In the mean while, the soldiers remarked the frequent visits of Aristides, reproached him with the care he took of us, and

beat him too : but this excellent lad said nothing, and made no complaints.

Dominique contrived sometimes to purchase bread and wine for us, for the former of which he paid 4 livres the pound, and as much per glass for the latter.

One day, he came to us sparkling with joy, and told M. de Marbois that he would provide us with a supper, desiring we would not eat the beans of our allowance. Accordingly, at midnight he sent us the back of a roast pig together with a loaf and some wine. This was assuredly his private stock, and the last resource of the worthy Dominique.

His active humanity, however, at length betrayed his secret, and he was discovered by the captain, who, in the presence of the whole crew, called him to give an account of his conduct, and threatened him with chains and death. We heard this scene. Dominique did not belie his
general

general character; he confessed all. "I regret," said he, with firmness, "that I could not offer the Gentlemen more. I would alleviate their sufferings even at the expence of my blood. Now order me to be shot immediately. What would you more? Order me to be shot."

The captain remained totally silent—and Lieutenant Dubourg took the part of Dominique; the second maître d'équipage, Chœpuiet, had participated in his honourable crimes; and perhaps la Porte was not so sure of his crew as of his soldiers. Dominique had taken charge of several letters for our families which have been faithfully delivered; but Heaven has robbed us of an opportunity of expressing our gratitude to this virtuous man, or rather has itself rewarded him. He died soon after the return of the Vaillante.

Our situation sometimes awakened emotions of tenderness in the hardest hearts. One day, the aged General Murinai was sitting by one of the chace guns on which he leaned,

and while the crew were at supper he was endeavouring to chew the bad biscuit that was given us: but having lost all his teeth, he could neither bite it nor soften it. The captain, passing near him, was suddenly struck with the fine countenance of this old man, whom the sailors beheld with involuntary respect. "I perceive," said he, "you cannot chew the biscuit. I will order you bread." But Murinais replied, with a firm and resolute voice: "No, Sir, I want nothing of you. Do your duty. I will not accept from you any preference. I will not have any thing in which my comrades do not participate. Leave me in peace."

About the 16th October, as we were abreast of the Azores, the wind blowing a heavy gale, and the sea being very rough, we fell in with a Portuguese ship from the Brazil coast, to which the captain gave chase, and took her. In manning her, the corvette suffered a violent shock, while Captain la Porte and his crew were plundering the unfortunate passengers. In the meanwhile the worthy Maître Dominique took advantage of

the general disorder to get us some provisions, and brought us some nuts of Para and cocoa nuts.

Notwithstanding the occasional alleviations which the humanity of Captain Hurto and Maître Dominique, and the activity of Aristides procured us from time to time, we were cruelly tormented with hunger; and yet the disgust we felt for the black biscuit, which we could not break without meeting with large living worms, did not yield to our ravenous appetite. The large beans or gour-ganes were still more loathsome to us; for, whether from habitual filthiness or from intentional ill-will, they never brought us our bucket of food but we saw hairs and vermin swimming at top.

Ever since the violence of the illness, occasioned by the rolling of the ship, had ceased, the cruel famine that succeeded to it produced different effects in our wretched party. Most of us were extremely faint, weak, and almost totally exhausted; especially Tronçon du Coudray, Laffond Ladebat, and Barthélemy; while, on the con-

trary, Marbois, Willot, and Dossonville, had paroxysms of rage, and the coarse food which they eat in too small quantities, only excited their ravenous appetite. "The Directory, no doubt," said one of our fellow prisoners, "dine better than we do," as he looked one day at the bucket of black beans.—"Yes," replied a man who overheard us, and who never spoke to us but this once, though I dare not name him; "yes, the Directors have a better dinner; yet I doubt whether they dine with the same tranquillity, or whether they would shew the same fortitude were they in your place."

A much more remarkable circumstance occurs to my recollection, when a single word made our ferocious captain shudder. Marbois was walking on the deck, and suffered so much from hunger that he could no longer contain himself. The captain happening to pass him—"I am hungry, I am hungry," cried Marbois, with a strong but altered voice, and fixing his eyes, which sparkled with rage, on la Porte, "

“ am hungry; give me something to eat, or throw
“ me into the sea.” Our Cerberus seemed pe-
trified, and ordered some food to be given to
Marbois.

Another time Willot, who was devouring with
his eyes every thing he saw, bought of one of the
sailors a pound of hog’s-lard, which he imme-
diately swallowed, and was afterwards extremely
ill.

In this condition we arrived at the tropic. But
the warmth of the climate in these smooth seas
only added to the activity of our stomachs. The
horrors of the famine we endured will never be
effaced from my memory ! The unfortunate Dos-
sonville uttered such cries of rage, that we were
afraid he would bite us. The crew having caught
a large shark, the captain ordered the staff por-
tion, that, is, the worst, to be given to us.

The oiliness, the unwholesomeness, and the
hardness of digestion of this animal’s flesh, is well
known ; but we were so famished, we could have

devoured the whole shark. Dominique sent us word to refuse this allowance, and at night conveyed us the best part of the shark, well seasoned with onions, pimento, and plenty of vinegar: Dossonville alone eat, for his share, six pounds of it with the most alarming voraciousness; in consequence of which, he was soon after almost at death's door.

We sometimes obtained these alleviations by other hands besides the generous Dominique; but in these cases we were sure to pay a very high price for them: for our sufferings were increased with a view to plunder us: thus Dossonville gave a very good blue surtout, which was quite new, for a loaf of three pounds weight.

About this time the impatience of Pichegru furnished Captain la Porte with a pretext to add to the vexations he inflicted on the four prisoners of the store-room. The cabin boy who waited on us, persisted, notwithstanding our prayers and menaces, in always bringing us our bucket of beans so filthy, that we could not touch them.

One day Pichegru, who was tormented with hunger, waited with impatience even for this coarse food, and when the boy brought the bucket, which was almost covered with hairs, pushed him. The boy fell into the bucket, and, being burned, cried aloud and called for help. Pichegru accused himself of the fact; but we would not allow that he alone was culpable, and the captain ordered us all four to be put in irons, and even, during the two first days, with both feet. In this condition we suffered very severely. We had now been in chains during six days, nor did the captain seem at all disposed to relieve us from them, when fear, the only motive that can operate on the wicked, compelled him to that measure.

Ever since the capture of the Portuguese ship, the crew had been discontented with the unfairness of the captain in dividing the booty. Some of the sailors complained aloud, and compassion for our fate was combined with their murmurs. We were placed among them on the forecastle, and they had before their eyes generals loaded with

irons : Pichegru in particular attracted their attention, and increased the concern they felt. On the seventh day the captain again sent us down into the store-room. This was certainly at that time a very necessary measure, for he had not a moment to lose.

A few days after, the Vaillante took another prize, an English ship bound from London to Antigua. On this occasion Captain la Porte seemed desirous of accommodating matters with his crew ; for he permitted, and even himself gave an example of the most insatiable plunder ; and an English colonel, a passenger on board this vessel, having demanded his portmanteau to be restored to him, was put into the store-room with us for several days.

After having passed the tropic, a Swedish vessel bound for St. Bartholomew took to flight before the Vaillante, and we could not join her till five o'clock in the afternoon, when the worthy Lieutenant Dubourg, the man whom we had observed to be affected at our wretched condition,

tion, was ordered to visit that ship. When he returned; he assured the captain, that her documents were perfectly regular. He added, "It is the same ship that lay near us in the road of Blaye; when we moored there, and has a great number of French West India planters on board, whom the law of the 19th Fructidor has obliged to quit France."—"And do you call this ship regular?" cried la Porte, in a rage. "A Royalist could not say more—Go," said he, to another officer, "visit the ship again, and if there be any person on board who is condemned to deportation, it will be a lawful prize." Fortunately there were none of them on board; but it will scarcely be believed, that, in order to be certain of this, by comparing the muster-role with the proscription-lists, this wretch asked us to lend him the Bulletin of the Laws, in which that sanguinary decree was detailed at full length, together with our pretended condemnation, and the fatal lists.

We had now been forty days at sea, and by the reckoning we were very near North Cape,

although we had as yet observed no change in the colour of the water. Being quite becalmed, and the excessive heat completely overpowering us, Aubry, almost destitute of life, was groaning and complaining in a low voice, and, after enumerating our various miseries, "Alas!" cried he, "why has he not thrown us into the sea?"—"You are perfectly at liberty to do so," said the captain, who, though unknown to us, was near, "and you will give me pleasure. I will order a ladder to assist you to get upon deck."

At length, on the 50th morning, at day-break, we heard a cry of "*Land! Land!*" which seemed to reanimate us with a sensation of new life. This was the first ray of hope that had dawned upon us since the 4th September, the day of our arrestation. Our executioner had even made us ardently desire the land of banishment.

When we went upon deck, we perceived the continent, and a land which was higher than the rest of the coast, and which was thought to be North Cape, though as yet an undistinguish-

ed mass. This confused appearance was, however, sufficient to satisfy our impatience, and our imaginations already penetrated the forests before us ; and, presenting to our minds the idea of an asylum, drew a picture of our retreat, which it even adorned with the sweets of peace and comfort. “ At length,” we said, “ we shall escape from the presence of our tyrants, we shall range at liberty over a land where we shall find some consolation in our misery, and, perhaps, some new friends. Our persecutors will be satisfied with having placed the ocean between them and us ; they will think themselves safe and sufficiently revenged by our forlorn and deserted condition, and the profound oblivion that awaits us.”

To quit the Vaillante, to eat our fill and to drink fresh water, now seemed to us the supreme good, for we were in an agony of hunger and thirst. Marbois, who had formerly been intendant of St. Domingo, and was perfectly acquainted with the productions of that country, talked

of nothing but the delicious fruits we were about to taste, and supported our expiring frames by these sweet illusions; illusions which the land breezes seemed to realize, by wafting even to our blunted senses, the perfumes of lemon trees and pine-apples.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th October, the Vaillante moored in the great road of Cayenne, in sight of the town, which was distant from us about 3 leagues. From this time we had permission to walk upon deck at all hours, but the captain again renewed his prohibition to the crew, to hold any conversation with us. He immediately communicated our arrival to Jeannet, the agent of the Directory, who discharged the functions of the former office of governor of Cayenne.

In the forenoon of the 11th October, a schooner commanded by a trading captain, Desperoux, came to carry us on shore. La Porte was much surprised the agent-general had not ordered him to land us himself, and the orders he at the same time received to remain at his moorings, without

coming any nearer the island of Cayenne, and his prohibition to hold any communication with the land, or to suffer any of his crew to quit the ship under pain of death, gave him great uneasiness. He said, he would not deliver us up to any officer but the agent himself, and we afterwards learnt from Maître Dominique, that suspecting Jeannet to be already too well informed of the recent events, he was on the point of weighing anchor and sailing for Guadaloupe, to consign us to the celebrated Victor Hugues, that tyrant of the Caribbee islands.

The order however, was positive, and he was forced to relinquish his prey. He caused us to be escorted by a detachment of his marines, who were to accompany us to the shore and then take leave of us. As we went on board the vessel that was to convey us thither, we received at once the last frowns of this enraged tiger, and the blessings of Dominique, expressed by the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

The vessel moored at a cannon shot from the

land, whither we went in some shallops that came to meet us. We disembarked with great difficulty on a rocky shore, where the sea which had a great swell, broke with violence opposite the hospital, which is a very fine edifice built on the edge of the sea at the northernmost extremity of the Savannah.

A great crowd of people came out to meet us, among whom were all the magistrates and the chief inhabitants of Cayenne. We could easily perceive by the impression we made on them, that it was not curiosity alone that brought them out. The commandant of the troops, Desvieux, received us with a guard of negroes in very good order, and conducted us to the hospital, behaving to us, at least, with politeness. He permitted the principal inhabitants, who crowded round us, to give us their arms, and we felt that we were again among human beings and among Frenchmen. At the hospital we found the agent of the Directory, Jeannet, with his secretary Mauduit, and as soon as we were called

over he gave Captain Hurto a receipt for 16 deported persons.

As Jeannet received us in the upper gallery of the hospital, he could not help letting some tears escape him. "Gentlemen," said he, "you must have suffered severely: 'tis easy to perceive it; I have ordered an apartment to be prepared for you, which however confined it may appear, is the best I can offer you at present: but it is in the most healthy situation, and that which is the most adapted to your rank. You are under the care of the respectable sisters of the charity, who will not suffer you to want for any thing, and I shall myself see that you are provided with food and refreshments. Rely upon it, that as far as I can act from myself, you shall have reason to be satisfied with your treatment."

He withdrew without giving any orders or instructions that could at all constrain us, and without even desiring us not to go into the town.

So sudden a change in our situation, the compassionate attentions of these worthy sisters, and the fresh provisions and fruits we eat, restored us once more to life, and we doubted not that as soon as we should have recovered our health, we should, as far as the words of the law of the 19th Fructidor would permit, be left entire masters of our persons and of our liberty. We were confirmed in this opinion by the character of the lying reports we had read, and in which the triumphant minority of both Councils endeavoured to conceal from their subjugated colleagues, the injustice and barbarity of a proscription *en masse*, by representing it as a mere banishment. I even heard several of our companions, and especially Laffond, regret that they had not their wives and children with them, that they might voluntarily settle in this colony, since it seemed to enjoy that tranquillity which had been so long banished from the mother country.

But these conciliatory dreams of happiness were, alas ! soon dispelled. The next day the
com-

commandant, Jeannet, effaced by a total change of conduct, the momentary effect of his transient humanity:—a change, the cruelty and criminality of which was increased by the delusive hopes he had awakened beyond the mere renewal of our torments.

This part of our unfortunate history would be equally unintelligible to the reader, as was the conduct of Jeannet to ourselves, were I not here to relate the causes of this change, which we afterwards learnt from credible witnesses, whose benevolence and courage were unable to meliorate our lot, and whose names it is my duty to conceal as well as the various benefits conferred on us, though both are equally engraved upon my heart.

And here I will first endeavour to describe the person of this strange proconsul. Jeannet is a nephew of Danton, of about 40 years of age. His external appearance is agreeable, his manners polite, and his countenance intelligent and ani-

mated. He is lame in one arm, but otherwise very well made.

Jeannet belonged to the formidable faction which oppressed the legislative body in 1792, overturned the throne, and together with the executive power, destroyed the monarchical constitution. I do not give credit to the accounts of those, whom I have heard accuse Jeannet of being an accomplice with the greatest criminals, merely in order to blacken his past life. I only believe, that he served the faction of his uncle in order that the latter might be able to reward him. He was appointed governor of Cayenne soon after the meeting of the Convention.

The flourishing state of the colony, and the good order he has maintained there, are sufficient proofs of his abilities. His administration has always been firm, and his conduct towards the planters just, though he kept them in a state of dependance ; and the inhabitants confess, that through the terror of the negroes, whom he kept in subjection, while at the same time he acquired

their love, they were indebted to him for the preservation of their property.

When Danton was accused by his rival, and together with his party fell beneath the tyranny of Robespierre, Jeannet having refused to proclaim the liberty of the negroes, was obliged to leave the colony and retire to the United States.

On his return to France, after the 9th Thermidor, he was reinstated in his office, shortly after the installation of the Directory. The planters received him with joy, and he justified their confidence by repressing the terrorists. The conventionalists Billaud deVarennes and Collot d'Herbois, who had been deported to Cayenne, were then enjoying their liberty there, and instead of expiating their crimes, meditated new ones, under the auspices of a commandant who was worthy of acting under such leaders. The unexpected return, however, of Jeannet, prevented the conspiracy from bursting forth, which had originated with the negroes, and was directed by Collot

d'Herbois, for the massacre of all the whites. A negro woman who discovered this plot, came and revealed it; upon which Jeannet arrested and sent to the fort of Sinamary, Collot d'Herbois and his colleague Billaud de Varennes, though it is said the latter was not one of the conspirators. He could not however prevent the rebellion of the negroes, nor was it repressed till after a great carnage of them had taken place. Collot d'Herbois having fallen ill soon after, was carried to the hospital of Cayenne where he died. Billaud de Varennes is still at Sinamary.

These circumstances show that Jeannet, who was connected with the party of the 9th Thermidor, was strongly adverse to the anarchists. Hence adopting that line of conduct, which his friends ought to have pursued in France, he connected himself with all the good citizens by that common interest, which arose from supporting the new laws. Thus he protected property, and, notwithstanding the complete execution of the decrees for the liberty of

the negroes, he was able to keep them to their work.

The care which he took to make property respected is not, however, wholly free from interested motives : for he is accused of rapacity ; he raises arbitrary impositions, of which he renders no account ; he indiscriminately seizes all vessels that come into his hands, whether those of allies, of neutral powers, or of enemies ; he confiscates like a corsair, and shares the booty like a robber ; he has appropriated to himself, as national domains, the possession of the finest estates that have been confiscated or sequestrated. He pays particular attention to the cultivation of the estate of General la Fayette, called la Gabrielle, which is said to have brought him in 300,000 livres ; and the plantation of the Jesuits, the Royal plantation, and that of Beauregard, swell the revenue of this satrap.

Having obtained these advantages, and possessing these qualifications, when Jeannet saw the republican government acquire solidity, he

was far from believing a new system of terror would take place. The news of the events of the 18th Fructidor, which he had learnt before our arrival by an American ship on which he laid an embargo, and the names of the principal actors, Augereau, Sotin, &c. alarmed him so much, that he was on the point a second time of quitting the colony. The term of his appointment being expired, he doubted not but some friend of Billaud de Varennes would arrive to succeed him, and he imagined he saw the manes of the execrable Collot rise before him: but the inhabitants urged him to stay and wait for further information.

The account which Lieutenant Dubourg must have given at the time of our arrival, the picture of the evils we had suffered, which, no doubt, his humanity induced him to represent to Jeannet, apparently confirmed his first impressions, and procured us the good reception we met with at the hospital.

Captain la Porte, however, enraged at the insulting precautions of the agent of the govern-

ment, which were more galling to him, as he knew he enjoyed the confidence of the Directory, did not give up the contest, but wrote to Jeannet, insisting on seeing him, in order personally to deliver the letters and instructions of which he was the bearer. Jeannet, deceived by the revolutionists by whom he was surrounded, as, for instance, his secretary Mauduit, and the port-captain Malvin, could not refuse this request. He therefore permitted Captain la Porte to come on shore, and invited him to dinner.

We saw him arrive, about four o'clock in the afternoon, in his long-boat, and shuddered at the sight.

As it was in consequence of this dinner party that our ruin was determined, the account we heard of it deserves some attention.

While Jeannet read his dispatches, la Porte added to the text the most perfidious comments; in which he was supported by other counsellors still more perfidious than himself. " These

villains," said he, "whom I have brought hither, had already lighted up a civil war in France, where they massacred the republicans with impunity." We were all sold, he said, to the princes; we were all for proclaiming a King; we were still in hopes of reviving the party. We had contrived means of carrying on intelligence at Cayenne; we had still those of effecting a revolution in favour of Louis XVIII, and the Directory had information of the fact.

These calumnies silenced the worthy magistrates who were present, and emboldened the revolutionists, who did not wait till the agent-general had expressed his sentiments, to break out against us.

Jeannet, however, still kept, as it were, on the defensive, and seemed to capitulate with his conscience. He perused the list of the deported, and, fixing his eye on the conventionalists, against whom, perhaps, he felt an old party rancour, said, "I see but a small number of culprits. The more I read and reflect on my dispatches, the

the less am I able to understand them." He twice interrupted the declamations of la Porte, to speak of the dreadful state in which we were. "Is it not true, captain," said he, "that these gentlemen have suffered severely?"—"Yes," replied la Porte, insolently, "yes, they have suffered; and had I executed my orders, I should not have brought one of them alive."

The next day (the 18th November) we were forbid to go out of our rooms, and were closely watched. No pretext whatever, no wants we experienced, could for a moment save us from this importunate vigilance. From that time the inhabitants were forbid to hold any communication with us. Some of them, however, braved the danger of violating these rigorous orders, and others conveyed us some refreshments.

A Mulatto woman, of about forty years of age, named Marie Rose, who was very rich, and much respected by all the colony, on account of her piety and humanity, which she was ever actively exerting, particularly distinguished herself

by her assiduity in sending and even bringing every thing she knew we wanted, or which she imagined would be agreeable to us. She was so often with the good sisters of the charity, that the prohibition of communicating with us could not reach her. The hospital, indeed, was, as it were, the favourite habitation of Marie Rose, and her visits there were more frequent in proportion as our condition became more miserable. This lively concern, which she took in our fate, never abated. It was to Pichegru she always delivered her little presents ; and the general never failed to divide them with his companions in misfortune, who participated in the gratitude due to this excellent woman.

Marbois, Tronçon du Coudray, and Murinais, asked for permission to walk out ; in consequence of which we were allowed that liberty for an hour, morning and evening, attended by a guard, on the Savannah, as far as the walls of the town. Desvieux himself superintended this duty. This man had used abusive language to Marie Rose, and would have shot two serjeants of the regi-

ment of Alsace, because Marbois having addressed them in German, they had entered into conversation with him: nor would the lives of these two poor fellows have been saved, without the solicitations of a great number of the inhabitants. Desvieux made Jeannet himself tremble, and considered the concern, which the sisters of the charity took in our fate, during the short space of time we were among them, as an unpardonable crime. "Your deported men," said he, with emphasis, to the governess, "are *lost*; they are lost, I say; and if they do not go off soon of themselves, we shall find means to dispatch them." This Desvieux is an old captain of cavalry, who was formerly aide-de-camp to M. de Boufflers, and is said to belong to an old family, whose profession was that of the bar,

Thus passed the few first days that followed our landing; and, notwithstanding these new rigours, we still entertained hopes that the law would be executed, and that we should be left at peace within the limits of our banishment. But our fate was not yet decided. The inhabitants asked

for permission to receive us at their houses ; but Jeannet answered, that he could not separate us, nor incur the risk of disturbing the tranquillity of the colony. At first, it is said, he determined to place us at the old plantation of the Jesuits.

At this the terrorists made an outcry, and demanded the same favour for Billaud de Varennes, and reproached Jeannet with keeping him in prison notwithstanding the orders of the Directory, which declared that he should be at liberty to go at large throughout the territory of the colony.

This weak and cowardly proconsul yielded to their remonstrances, [and, with the same hand which we had seen a few days before wiping away the tears of compassion, signed the barbarous order for our second deportation.

In the morning of the 18th November we received notice to be in readiness to go to the canton of Sinamary.

Our members of the Council of Elders proposed to protest against this extension of a law which was in itself a violation of all laws: but those of the Council of Five Hundred thought this would be in some measure to acknowledge the legality of the act of proscription, and that of the agents employed in its execution. They preferred yielding a passive obedience, and I was myself of this opinion. To this Jeannet only answered in the negative, by the intervention of a commissary of the navy. He never replied directly to any of the deported, and he forbade the furnishing us with copies of the letters and orders he ordered to be communicated to us.

Those of our number who were most indisposed, and seemed unable to bear the fatigues of deportation, remonstrated in vain, and the old General Murinais, not being able to obtain permission to remain at the hospital, was quite in despair. He therefore determined to write separately to Jeannet. "Order an account to be given you," said he, "of the state I am in. Your order is to me a death warrant." But Jeannet

was deaf to the prayers of all the inhabitants, and insensible to the tears of the good sisters of the hospital. In short, we were compelled to go.

We now took leave of the worthy Captain Hurto, who had also pleaded our cause to the utmost of his power; and of Maître Dominique, who passed two days with us, during which he gave us new proofs of his generous attachment.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 22d November we were embarked on board the schooner the Victory, some shallops taking us on board at the same spot where we had landed when we quitted the Vaillante. It was determined to avoid taking us through the town, but all the inhabitants ran in crowds to the banks, and gave us the most affecting proofs of their sensibility. The women and children were in tears, and it is impossible to describe this heart-rending scene. We had no friends, and were surrounded by these worthy inhabitants, being only attended by the commandant Desvieux, who, in the presence

of this oppressed people, feigned an extreme politeness towards us. Jeannet did not appear.

When the schooner weighed anchor, our regret at being thus torn away from these soothing consolations, the sight of the crowd upon the shore extending their hands towards us, or raising them towards Heaven, their cries, and their parting adieus, almost broke our hearts.

The worthy Captain Bracket, who commanded the schooner, did his utmost to alleviate the pain of this separation, and lavished on us every attention and the refreshments he had provided. He appeared so anxious to serve us, that I doubt not, had we proposed to him to rescue us, he would have done it; for we had no other guard than three men and a captain, and the ship was only navigated by four sailors and a boatswain, who, in all probability, would not have opposed him. We were sixteen in number, and the cabin, in which we were, was full of arms, that lay spread about. This idea did not then strike any of us, and we were all resigned to our fate. We had

also been flattered with an assurance that if the canton of Sinamary was not the most populous, it was at least the most healthy, and one of the most fertile parts of the colony. We were taught to expect we should there find an abundance of provisions, and that we should at length enjoy our liberty.

The river of Sinamary is 30 leagues to the eastward of the island of Cayenne, and the winds and the currents were both in our favour. We had weighed anchor at noon, and we moored about eight o'clock in the evening at the mouth of the river, after having doubled *les Isles au Diable*. Captain Bracket would have moored nearer the shore, in order that we might land before night; but, as the posts were not apprized of our voyage, the battery on the east point fired at us with ball, and therefore we were obliged to stay all night on board.

At day-break on the 23d November we landed under the redoubt of the point. The commandant of the canton, M. de ***, captain of the
regiment

regiment of Alsace, was on the beach to receive us. "Here," said the commandant of our escort, "are the persons condemned to deportation; and here is the provisory order of the agent-general respecting them."—"The condemned!" replied the officer, "these gentlemen have not been tried. 'Tis infamous to send them hither." This speech, and the honest emphasis with which he uttered it, caused this officer to be shortly after cashiered and expelled from the colony. I hope, however, this unjust action may have saved his life; for he is a young man, and his health was already impaired by the climate.

About an hundred paces from the sea-side, leaving the redoubt and the signal mast to the right, we came in front of Mr. Kormann's house, which is a crazy insulated hut, where it could scarcely be conceived any man would voluntarily reside: this was the only habitation we could perceive in this vast desert, and was situated on the banks of the Sinamary, which are covered with wood, and obstructed with branches of trees

and shrubs rotting in the mud, and infecting the air with noxious exhalations.

As we stopped before this hut to ask for fresh water, M. Kormann, who was a man of about thirty years of age, but apparently more broken than Europeans generally are at sixty, came to salute us, and said, with a feeble voice, "Ah, gentlemen, you are come into a tomb!"—"We know it," replied General Murinais, "and the sooner the better." Such were the omens that attended our arrival on the continent of South America!

We walked on a burning soil, and pursued a narrow path on the bank of the river, a league up the country. I had great difficulty in dragging myself along after my companions, who were all overpowered with fatigue. None of us had yet recovered the fatigues of our voyage sufficiently to bear those of this long journey, and I had spit blood during several days.

At length we arrived before the fort of Sina-

mary, which did not become visible till we were within musket shot of it.

This fort is built of planks, and pallisadoed ; but has no outworks. It is a square building, each side being about 100 toises (200 yards), is flanked by four bastions, and surrounded by a large fosse, filled with water from the river ; so that the fort is completely insulated.

As we entered it, we too clearly perceived, that no hope remained of enjoying, even in these deserts, the least shadow of liberty. That loss was here consummated.

It now remains for me to pourtray the refinement of cruelty with which, even in this prison, our persecutors harrassed the miserable remnant of our existence ; the insatiable rage of our executioners ; the patience and constancy of their victims ; the agonies of those of our companions who died in our arms ; of those who are still struggling with a less rapid, though not a

less inevitable fate ; and, lastly, to relate the miracle of our escape.

However small was the theatre on which these horrid scenes passed, I must begin by describing it.

The barracks for the garrison, the apartments of the commandant, and a few huts for the settlers, occupy the curtain to the right which looks to the river. The garrison consisted of eighty men, half whites, half blacks ; being a detachment of the old regiment of Alsace, which had been almost entirely renewed since its arrival in Guyana.

The curtain on the opposite side is the old chapel, which the white revolutionists devastated, but which the negroes still respect.

By this chapel is a corridor, under which are built eight miserable rooms, formerly used as prisons for fugitive negroes and criminals.

Opposite the entrance of the fort is the apartment of the keeper of the stores. The platforms of the bastions are occupied by magazines of provisions and of ammunition; and one of the four (that looking to the northward, and near the river) is the guard-house. The remaining space, in the middle of the fort, is planted with orange trees. The fort is provided with arms, and well kept up.

At first the commandant conducted us to the corridor, and, shewing us the rooms, said to us, "there are the lodgings appointed for you." Billaud de Varennes occupied one of these rooms; the other seven were to be divided between the sixteen deported persons, and, according to this unequal proportion, to receive a larger or a smaller number.

The commandant, addressing himself to M. de Murinais, as the eldest of us, pointed to one of the rooms which was to contain only one prisoner, and said, "this room will do for you."—"Lead me," replied the old general, "to that

which is nearest to the cemetery; for that will suit me best."

After having obliged our worthy general to go into this first room alone, the others were divided between the remaining fifteen. Fortune separated us as follows :

2nd, Aubry alone.

3d, Pichegru and Marbois.

4th, Willot, la Rue, and Dossonville.

5th, Bourdon and Rovère.

6th, Laffond, Tronçon du Coudray, and Barthélemy.

7th, Brothier, la Vilheurnois, le Tellier, and Ramel.

The commandant ordered a hammock for each of us ; for these dungeons contained neither bed, table, nor chair, nor any one piece of furniture or utensil.

Our only food was an allowance of biscuit, a pound of salt meat, and a glass of rum, to cor-

rect the extreme bad quality of the water. Sometimes we had bread that we could not eat, because it was full of worms and ants, and some portions of wine that had grown sour in the magazines.

As we could not eat altogether, nor in one of the rooms, nor out of one bowl, we divided into messes. It was not, however, by chance that these parties were determined, but the coincidence of our ages and opinions.

1st mess—Marbois, Tronçon du Coudray, Barthélemy, Laffond, Murinais, le Tellier.

2d mess—Pichegru, Willot, de la Rue, Aubry, Dossonville, Ramel.

3d mess—Bourdon, Rovère.

4th mess—Brothier, la Vilheurnois.

This arrangement, however, was soon disturbed by the most melancholy events: Marbois was desirous of having his mess separate; Barthélemy and le Tellier joined in the mess to which I belonged; and the Abbé Brothier joined with Billaud de Varennes.

These associations having had some influence on our happiness, I could not avoid taking notice of their formation.

One negro alone prepared the soup for all four messes. Every one attended to it, and fetched away his share. This execrable cook had been sent from Cayenne, where he had been taken on purpose from the house of correction. He threatened twenty times to poison us.

Those of us who were sick were attended by two old negro women; a third, whose husband was in the fort, and whom the worthy Marie Rose had sent as a person in whose goodness she could rely, waited on General Pichegru. I have read with the utmost indignation the calumnies that have been spread abroad, to deprive us of the concern which humanity naturally feels for misfortune, and the respect due to innocence, when it has not fallen from its dignity. Let our persecutors, at least, leave us the enjoyment of this consolation!

In the fort we were prisoners; I never quitted it but once, and that, as I hope, never to re-enter it. We were called out twice every day, first at nine in the morning, and again at four in the afternoon.

Our first occupation was to clean out our rooms, which were full of venomous insects, that rendered them uninhabitable, although we had no other shelter. No European, perhaps, had ever before been thrown into such a den, in such a climate, there to be given as a prey to scorpions, millepedes, gnats, mosquitos, and many other species of insects, equally numerous, dangerous, and disgusting! We were not even secure from the serpents that frequently crept into the fort. Pichegru found one of uncommon size, which he killed; it was thicker than his arm, and lay concealed in the folds of his cloak, which served him for a pillow to his hammock.

The insect that tormented us most severely was the chica, or niguas, a species of bug, which enters the pores of the skin, and, if it is not care-

fully removed, breeds there, and destroys the flesh so rapidly, as to render amputation necessary. We were covered with pimples and pustules, which deprived us of sleep, overwhelmed us with fatigue, and plunged us in the deepest dejection. Some of us had received, during our journey from the Temple to Rochefort, clothes, linen and money; but others, and myself among the number, were totally destitute; our precipitate embarkation having disappointed the vigilance of our families. Jeannet sent us some shirts and handkerchiefs, taken from the magazines from which the negroes are supplied.

Such was our situation at Sinamary! In the fort there were no other inhabitants than the garrison and a store-keeper named Moigestein, a very good kind of man, who would have served us had it been in his power. The black soldiers of the garrison seemed more civil, or, rather, were less harsh towards us than the whites, who were a remnant of the regiment of Alsace, that preserved their old discipline, but who were kept in a state of servile fear. The surgeon of the

canton of Sinamary, whose name is Cabrol, is a man full of humanity, but very infirm, and could rarely come out to visit the sick. We sometimes saw the mayor of the canton, Vogel, formerly a gentleman of Lorraine, who made us ineffectual offers of service.

These were the extent of our communications with mankind : for I take no account of Billaud de Varennes, with whom our jailors endeavoured to assimilate us. This consideration, indeed, only made us regard him with the more disgust. It is true, we avoided humiliating him or aggravating his misfortunes ; but the Abbé Brothier alone was able to overcome the horror of this monstrous association, and formed an acquaintance with Billaud de Varennes.

I shall not attempt to speak of the country round the fort, and which is properly called the canton of Sinamary. I have often heard of several considerable Indian villages, which are said to be situated some leagues inland, and the inhabitants of which sometimes come to sell fruits and

vegetables. The plantations, that are situated higher up the river, and would together form a kind of hamlet, are said to be in a fertile tract; yet the unwholesomeness of the climate has reduced the Frenchmen, who established themselves there in the last century, to a very small number. This is all I know on the subject; and all I saw from the ramparts of our prison was a vast, and apparently impenetrable, forest. The mournful howlings of tigers that came within musket shot of the fort, the shrill and piercing screams of monkies, the discordant notes of parrots, and the croaking of venomous toads, of which the fosses and the muddy banks of the river were full, rendered this scene a wilderness of horror.

The fifth day after our arrival Lieutenant Aimé relieved M. de ***, and took the command of the fort: a change which proved a great misfortune to our party.

At the beginning of the revolution this Aimé was a lackey in a family at Nancy, where he be-

came one of the principal ringleaders of the disturbances that desolated that city, and of the revolt of the King's regiment and that of Châteauvieux, which the national guards repressed. He then enlisted in the regiment of Alsace, in which he rose to the rank of an officer. Jeannet could not have selected a more barbarous jailor.

Aimé immediately gave new orders, and daily invented additional restraints. He prohibited the soldiers from speaking to us under pain of death, and ordered the alarm to be beat every morning before our dungeons: nor could we ever obtain the reversion of this cruel order, which was a dreadful torment to the sick among us. It seemed as if he regretted that sleep should sometimes procure us a momentary suspension of our misfortunes. The drummer, or, rather, the vulture, he selected for this purpose, added insult to injury. He hollowed aloud and burst into a laugh, whenever we asked him to take pity on the anguish of our sick friends. The most temperate among us were frequently obliged to restrain the most violent, who were for throwing

this wretch into the fosse. Our musters also were performed with the greatest rigour, and, if any of us had not been found in his room, he would have been put in irons.

A few days after the arrival of the new commandant, M. de Murinais was taken ill. This was in the beginning of December, and I believe on the second or third day of the month. He became insensible almost at the very moment when he was attacked; we were unable to afford him any relief, and before the express, which was sent to Cayenne to inform Jeannet of his situation, arrived there, our unfortunate friend was no more. Till the last moment of his life this worthy veteran gave us an example of fortitude and resignation. A total stranger to the intrigues in which it was pretended he was implicated, in order to have a more illustrious or a purer victim to immolate, he never complained of his fate, of his separation from a numerous family, or of the loss of his large fortune: he only felt indignant that his word, or the fidelity with which he was resolved to discharge the duty

confided to him should be doubted. What a dreadful scene was this first separation ! I was myself almost in a dying state, and it was already the opinion of my fellow-prisoners, that the youngest of us would follow the oldest. I collected all my strength however, and crawled to the general's room, where I found him suspended in his hammock. At this time no one was near him. He lay extended with his mouth open and parched, and I endeavoured to give him drink ; but he was struggling with death, and expired a few moments after. What a forlorn and deserted situation for a father of a family in the last moments of his life !

M. de Murinais was buried without the fort. We made some pious preparations for his funeral, and I must confess, I derived new strength from the exertions to which this miserable scene gave birth.

The effects of M. de Murinais were put under seal and publicly sold in the fort. On this occasion the justice of the peace having read the

title of *Citizen* in the preamble, which he read in the presence of the commandant ; “ *erase that title,*” said Aimé ; “ *those rascals do not deserve it.*”

Within a week after the death of M. de Muri-nais, Barthélemy was taken ill, and apparently in an equally serious manner. Fortunately, however, there was time to send to Cayenne, to inform Jeannet, who sent a schooner to convey him to the hospital. We took a final leave of him, for we did not expect ever to see him more. His faithful le Tellier obtained permission to accompany him.

Notwithstanding the certainty that we were now buried alive, notwithstanding the fatal presages that surrounded us, each of us fortified his mind with resolution and nerved himself against the hard law of necessity. Political discussions and individual conversations filled up much of our time, and our common misfortunes were inexhaustible sources of reflection and communication.

cation. God forbid I should here relate all the disputes of which I was witness! When men, whose opinions, professions, talents and interests were as different as their ages and their passions, are thus reduced to the tedious monotony of unvarying misery, their relative situation produces a constantly changing picture, which however interesting and instructive, I shall not here attempt to pourtray. Notwithstanding the confusion which the leaders of the revolution of the 18th Fructidor were induced to excite, in order to create motives and pretexts of vengeance, the various parts certain members took in the events which preceded that catastrophe are well known; and not even in the passive inactivity of common adversity can those minds harmonize, whose judgments and views have been so discordant when in action. I shall therefore confine myself to saying, that each of us contrived occupations for himself, or sought for amusements according to his own various habits and inclinations.

Marbois, the serenity of whose mind seemed to proportion itself without exértion to the mul-

tiplicity of our misfortunes, exhibited so much calmness and equanimity, that those who were not well acquainted with him, those who had not heard him pronounce the words *dear Sophia* to his wife, might have imagined he was destitute of sensibility. He knew how to employ the unwelcome leisure of imprisonment, and vary his pursuits, better than any of us, and having caused books to be purchased for him he read a great deal. He also worked with his hands, and that always for some useful or agreeable purpose for our unfortunate community ; he formed, and that with great neatness, the furniture and utensils he most needed, and even contrived to make a violin, with which he set the negroes, who were very fond of him, to dance. One of them who had been at St. Domingo during his administration, had talked much of him to his comrades, and they all highly respected him. Marbois also undertook to clear the orange tree walks, which were very much encumbered with obstructions. In this work he induced the negroes to assist, and thus rendered the only walk we had agreeable.

Tronçon du Coudray, with equal fortitude to that of his friend, supported, like the rest of us, our present evils without complaint, and contemplated the vile instruments of our misfortunes with contempt. But he could neither preserve the calmness of his mind, nor be master of himself, nor keep silence relative to the events of the 18th Fructidor. That audacious tissue of crimes, and the impunity that attended them, still irritated his temper as much as the first day of his fall; and he was still more enraged at the injustice which the Directory had exercised with such unparalleled effrontery, even taking things on their own grounds. He demanded his accusation, and asked for judges even of the echos of Sinamary. He wrote memorials, and applied with so much assiduity, that he did not take any relaxation, and his health was impaired by his constant study. He wrote a funeral eulogium on his colleague General Murinai, and assembled us to hear him pronounce it. This he did with the same solemnity and graceful eloquence that he displayed at the tribune of the Council of Elders, and all the soldiers of the garrison, all the negroes came

to hear him. He took for his text : *Super flumina Babylonis, illic sedimus et flevimus, donec recordamur Sion.* “By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Sion.” His affecting eloquence, his full and harmonious voice, the animated picture he drew of the miseries of our native country, the brilliant glory with which he emblazoned the courage, the loyalty, the innocence, and the virtue of the deceased veteran, called forth tears from all our eyes, and the soldiers and negroes, who soon began to be affected, were at length so powerfully agitated that the fort re-echoed with their lamentations. In consequence of this incident Jeannet caused notice to be given, that whosoever should endeavour by his discourse to excite the pity of the soldiers or the negroes for the fate of the deported, should be instantly shot.

Laffond bore the marks of the deepest dejection, and his mind was constantly occupied with the confusion into which his arrestation must have thrown his own commercial house, and

those of his friends and correspondents, especially since he had lost all means of corresponding with them, whereby he might possibly have formed at Cayenne, with the credit he could have procured there, new plans and undertakings, equally advantageous to his unfortunate country and to himself. He lived very retired, and talked of nothing but his family, his six children, and his wife, whose portrait he was continually contemplating.

Pichegru still retained his accustomed firmness, and shewed that confidence, that presentiment, as it were, of future amelioration, which naturally communicates itself to others, and in which I loved to participate. His principal occupation was learning English; and he preserved, amidst all his amusements and pursuits, his military tone and manners, by which he endeavoured to overcome the tedious monotony of imprisonment. He was often singing, and we sang together, especially such fragments as were applicable to our situation; not plaintive or romantic effusions, but such as abounded in the

energy of vehement expression, or awakened military ardour.

Barthélemy, though so sickly, and so ailing, that even his existence was a miracle, in the continuance of which he had himself believed as little as his proscribers, possessed an internal principle of life, and a strength of mind, which the calmness of his external appearance would scarcely have given room to suspect; but which showed itself with energy on every occasion. In the early part of our imprisonment in the fort, and previous to his being removed to the hospital at Cayenne, he undertook, together with le Tellier, the employment most useful to our miserable colony; that of continually destroying the scorpions, and the various insects that harrassed and devoured us.

I would willingly thus record some traits of each of my fellow-prisoners; but, to avoid deviating with unnecessary minuteness into a train of circumstances, which already vanish from my memory, I shall limit myself to pourtraying the

principal individuals of this picture of misery ; particularly our warriors and old men : contenting myself with introducing, in the back ground, all their companions in misfortune, who, like myself, have less claim to attract individual attention.

But I cannot pass over in silence the infamous conduct and language of Brothier, whose intimacy with Billaud de Varennes I have already mentioned. I must separate from the picture him whom our contempt separated from our company. I shall pourtray that miscreant priest with one stroke of my pen, or rather with that of his colleague, la Vilheurnois, who, after a violent dispute with him, during which the grossest abuse had not been spared, struck and beat the abbé. Hearing a disturbance, we ran to the room in which they were. " Leave it to me, gentlemen," said Vilheurnois, " to punish this contemptible fellow, for he stands much in need of correction. If you knew him well, you would thank me, for he is a friend of discord ; and the Abbé Maury only spoke the truth, when

he wrote to the Princes—*That if they wanted to throw every thing into confusion, they could not do better than employ the Abbé Brothier; for he would introduce discord among the Angels of Heaven.*”

In the beginning of January Willot and Bourdon were taken ill, and we applied, in vain, to procure them the same favour that Barthélemy had already obtained, and which, I doubt not, saved his life; for it was impossible he should meet with more salutary attentions, or more soothing consolations, than by being in the hands of the worthy sisters of that charity, and their kind-hearted friend Marie Rose. Jeannet, however, would never consent to Willot and Bourdon being removed to Cayenne, for he knew that at Sinamary death was inevitable. The unfortunate Bourdon died, some time after, of a violent fever, which the heat of his blood, and his continual rage against his old colleagues, constantly increased. Willot was at the last extremity; and we endeavoured to compensate, by unremitting attention, for the total want of every other relief.

Nor

Nor can I forget the zeal and affectionate assiduity with which Marbois, who, in a violent political dispute, had reason to complain of Wil-
lot, waited on him during his illness, prepared his victuals, and deprived himself of his best food during his fellow-prisoner's convalescence.

Towards the end of January, Barthélemy contrived to inform us, that an American vessel had arrived with the most afflicting news from France. The usurpation of the Republic was completed ; all good citizens oppressed ; the revolutionary laws rigorously enforced ; and the tribunals of blood re-established, under the name of military commissions. This news made us deplore the fate of our wretched country, and despair of any speedy change in our own.

It appears that the agent-general, Jeannet, doubted, till this intelligence arrived, whether the Directory could maintain the act of violence of the 18th Fructidor ; and whether, after having subverted the constitution, it was possible for them again to tyrannize over France by

means of terror : but these recent accounts removed all his doubts, and his present policy was but too well explained by his conduct towards us.

He sent back Barthélemy, though still far from well, to the fort of Sinamary.

Towards the end of February, he published a proclamation to the negroes, denouncing the deported persons at Sinamary as Royalistes, who, previous to the 18th Fructidor, were leading them back to slavery. He seemed to consign us to their poignards.

He prohibited the inhabitants, under the severest penalties, from holding any communication with us ; and Mr. Grimond, attorney-general for the department, having previous to this order paid a visit to Laffond, was, shortly after, turned out of his place. Not contented with these open persecutions, Jeannet traced out and intercepted the correspondence of some of the deported. For this purpose he had announced the departure

of a packet for Europe, and had apprized all the inhabitants that they might take this opportunity of writing to Europe, which some of us having learnt, ventured to convey letters to Cayenne. But the vessel had no sooner set sail, than Jeannet caused it to be fired on with ball, brought her back, and got possession of all the correspondence.

“The deported,” said this inquisitor, “complain of my severity; but if they knew the orders I have received, they would applaud my clemency.”

Yet, notwithstanding his assiduity to serve the Directory, and notwithstanding his efforts to acquire their good will, Jeannet felt seriously alarmed. He conceived the anarchists, being restored to favour, would become masters of the government, which was already under their influence; and that the friends of Robespierre were but a step from absolute authority. In this opinion, the news brought by the Aigle packet so strongly confirmed him, and excited

his fears so much, that he caused an offer to be made to Billaud de Varennes of his liberty: but the latter refused this favour, and added, that Jeannet might act as he pleased, but he should never forget the treatment he had received, and of which he would one day make him repent.

About the same time, the commandant Desvieux, in his circuit to the different posts, paid a visit to the fort of Sinamary, where he examined our rooms. He first entered that of Marbois. "Good day, *Marbois*," said the commandant; "how do you find yourself here?"—"Very well, Sir," replied Marbois.—"*Sir*," do you say," returned Desvieux, "I had rather you had given me a blow than that abusive title. Do you want any thing?"—"No, Sir,"—"Have you any complaint to make?"—"We do not complain."—"Good bye then."—"Good bye, *Monsieur Desvieux*." Here ended this short dialogue, after which the commandant visited the other rooms, where he found us all immoveable,

with a book in our hands, and without seeming to perceive his presence.

After the return of Barthélemy, every thing around us assumed an appearance more and more menacing. Our communications became more difficult, and we knew that Jeannet had said—"If they are not carried off by the English, they are done for; they have nothing to expect from France." Lieutenant Aimé had, in one of his visits, brought me, to use his own expression, the good news that, in the district of Conamana, rooms were building for three thousand deported persons. In the month of April, about the period of the new elections, we saw fifteen hundred negroes and thirty or forty whites assembled, who, having received a distribution of rum, voted, by the order of the Directory, for the appointment of Monge, (who was then a commissary for the spoliation of Italy), as the representative of the people of Cayenne.

It was at this time, that eight of us, who eat together, determined, not I say on the project,

but the firm resolution of running all risks to rescue ourselves by flight from our tyrants, and to rob them, at least, of the pleasure of seeing us die by inches beneath their iron rod.

Barthélemy and his friend le Tellier, who determined to unite their fate with ours, were the last whom we admitted into the number of the *conspirators*; an expression which I adopt, because it has been employed by the revolutionists: for, in the eyes of those barbarians, the victims, who but turn away their heads from the blow that is striking them, are guilty of a crime against the state, and every man is a conspirator who dares to defend his liberty!

We communicated our design to Marbois, Laffond, and Tronçon du Coudray, who refused to join us; for they never departed from their original sentiments, relying on their innocence, as if that had not been the primary cause of their proscription. They thought it their duty to their country, to their families, and to themselves, to wait in the deserts of Sinamary till the nation

should call out for justice. " Yes," said Marbois, " let them do us justice, severe justice ; let them bring us before any tribunal whatsoever ; let them try us, and, if we are to be sacrificed, at least let our defence be heard by our constituents."

More irritated by the injustice I suffered, and more impatient to burst my chains, I preferred incurring dangers which, perhaps, in reality, were of less magnitude, although more striking in appearance. Yet I could not help admiring the constancy, and respecting the blindness of those we left behind.

Various motives induced us to confine our confidence to these individuals. No other of the deported were admitted, and the secret was perfectly well kept.

The plan of our escape frequently varied, according to the means each of us alternately suggested. Hope sustained us to the moment of execution, and no other object occupied our

thoughts. The idea that most naturally suggested itself, was to take refuge among the Indians, and afterwards to endeavour to penetrate across the continent to the Portuguese settlements. But we had no guides, nor could we expect to find any who were acquainted with the language and customs of these nations, or who would run the risk of conducting us thither. We knew, that the nation of the Galibis, the nearest to the French settlements in these parts, had conceived a great aversion for our nation, and that since they had heard of the assassination of the King, committed with impunity in the heart of France, their chiefs had broken off all communication. In short, we only possessed very vague information concerning them, and saw nothing before us but insurmountable difficulties. This scheme therefore was rejected.

Before I describe, however, the plan which we ultimately adopted, I must give an account of what was passing around us during our consultations and preparations for putting it in force: thus completing the history of our greatest miseries,

ries, and our strongest motives for flying from this land of desolation ; after which I shall have no further occasion to interrupt the narrative of our deliverance.

Lieutenant Aimé being taken ill, was removed to Cayenne, and relieved by M. Freta, an officer of much firmness, but a very good kind of man. This gentleman caused the impertinencies of the negroes to be put a stop to, excused us from the disturbance of the alarm drum, and did his utmost to alleviate the rigours of our imprisonment.

Tronçon du Coudray was at that time very ill, and requiring attendance, asked for a negro to wait on him. Jeannet sent him one named Louis, a very bad man, whom he took from the galleys. We well knew that no one would be sent us but such as our persecutors could rely on. This man, however, was intolerably impertinent, and insulted and tormented du Coudray, who complained to the commandant Freta ; upon which the negro was arrested and sent back to Cayenne. This conduct irritated Jeannet, who immediately

recalled Freta, substituted Aimé in his place, and ordered the negro to be again sent to the fort. Louis therefore returned more insolent than ever, and waited on the unfortunate du Coudray, notwithstanding his unwillingness to be attended by him.

We were by no means sorry that M. Freta left the fort ; for it would have given us great pain to have involved him in the blame of our flight.

The commandant Aimé marked his return with new cruelties. I have already spoken of the intimacy between the Abbé Brothier and Billaud de Varennes. The conduct of that priest daily added to our indignation. He talked but of vengeance, of blood, and of the new system of terror, which, according to him, would produce a counter-revolution ; and, if any observations were made, in answer to his outcry for vengeance, he replied, in the language of the celebrated revolutionary doctor—“ *What care I how many men perish, if but the species remain.*” He invented the most horrid calumnies, and vomited forth abuse

against all the world. We strongly expressed our displeasure at his conduct, and the commandant Aimé, to put an end, as he said, to our quarrels, ordered us to be put in irons. When he came to visit us, perceiving that Barthélemy suffered extremely, he said to him, that he saw he had not strength enough to support this punishment, would order his irons to be taken off, and only put him under arrestation in his room. "Let me alone," replied Barthélemy coolly; "I still possess more strength and patience than thou dost of courage. Leave me to suffer in peace with my companions."

The Abbé Brothier very charitably asked for our pardon, which was refused. Fortunately Jeannet was much offended at this arbitrary act of the commandant Aimé, of which he was no sooner informed, than he sent the mayor of the canton, Vagel, who happened to be at Cayenne, with an order to liberate us from this severity.

In the beginning of May, Tronçon du Courdray and Laffond, who eat together, were taken

ill almost at the same time. Some hours after they began to vomit violently, and the most alarming symptoms broke out in both of them. They suffered the severest pains, without a moment of intermission. Jeannet was immediately written to, and that favour solicited which was never refused to the lowest criminal. He refused, however, to remove our unfortunate friends to the hospital. At first we received no answer; but the danger increasing, and, as we were destitute of every kind of relief, all our cares and attentions were unable to alleviate the anguish of our unfortunate companions. We persisted therefore in our application, and Tronçon du Coudray, though already swelled and unable to turn, wrote to Jeannet on this occasion: but that monster answered in writing, to the commandant Aimé, "I know not why those gentlemen are continually importuning me; they ought to know, they have not been sent to Sinamary to live there to all eternity."

These two victims, whom we had already given up, lay in the same room, in their ham-

mocks, which were their death-beds, opposite to each other. The cries their tortures forced from them re-echoed to our rooms, and far beyond them; nothing could appease their fatal vomitings. Laffond cried out with vehemence; he raised his hands towards heaven, and called aloud upon his wife and children.

Their torments continued twenty-five or thirty days. My heart contracts whenever I reflect on this horrid scene. We crowded round our wretched companions, and Marbois did not quit his friend du Coudray for a single moment. I shall never forget the assiduity and fortitude with which he overcame every disgust, and the despair which appeared in his eyes at the very time when he was supporting his dying friend.

Tronçon du Coudray struggled against the approach of death with all the energy natural to his character. The evening before he expired, he crawled about, leaning upon a negro, and came into my room. I seem still to behold this spectre. He sat down for a moment on my hammock, and

said—"I do not flatter myself I can live, but, should you put your scheme in practice, take me with you; for I would willingly breathe my last beyond the walls of this horrid prison. My dear Ramel, take me with you, if possible." After this he talked of his two friends Dumas and Portalis, rejoicing that they had escaped our miserable fate, and requesting me, should I see them again, to tell them they would employ his last thoughts, and that he recommended his children and his memory to their care.

This was his last effort of strength. He died the next day, which was the 27th of May. Some hours before he expired, he assembled round him Barthélemy, le Tellier, Pichegru, Marbois, Wil-
lot, Aubry, Dossonville, and myself.

These were some of his last words: "Fly, my friends, fly from Sinamary. May Heaven favour your escape. As for me, I shall presently be no more; but, should you ever see my friends, tell them my last sigh was for them, and for my country. But oh! forget not my children. Should for-

tune ever smile on you again, oh ! do not disturb the peace of our native country, but rather brave all the sufferings of misery." Then, raising his head, and pointing to Brothier's room, " he talks," said he, " but of civil war ; it is his wish. Ah ! my friends, promise me you will prevent it, if it be in your power." In these last moments he still suffered cruel torments, and had a burning thirst ; but all his faculties remained entire. He divided between us the money he still possessed, and again recommended his memory to our care. He beheld the tears upon our cheeks, and bid us adieu. A few moments before he expired, the Abbé Brothier came to offer him his spiritual comforts. Du Coudray thanked him, and declined his offer. He said, " I have always believed in God, and have always confided in his justice." Marbois closed the eyes of his friend.

Laffond, who was almost in the agonies of death, and weaker than du Coudray, was witness to this heart-rending scene, which he survived two days. He was overpowered by pain, and

could scarcely articulate ; but seemed to retain all his senses. He only named his children and his wife ; and his last looks were fixed upon her portrait.

I cannot describe the grief and dejection we suffered in consequence of this loss, the melancholy of Marbois, or the mourning and lamentations which surrounded us during the obsequies. They were buried in the path between the fort and the redoubt.

The forlorn and violent death of our friends, the rage and vehemence of the commandant, who, whenever a signal was made for the enemy's ships, armed himself, and exclaimed, " Ah, you reckon upon the English ! You may think as you please, but they shall never take you away alive." All these atrocities, together with the approach of the fatal season of rains and hurricanes, made us earnestly sigh for the day, when we might in freedom brave other dangers, and rescue ourselves from this living tomb.

Our

Our plan was fixed previous to the illness of Tronçon du Coudray and Laffond. I have already said we had rejected the idea of taking refuge with the Indians, and had determined to trust ourselves to the ocean. We knew that the inhabitants of Surinam took a lively interest in our situation; of which they had given us a proof by sending General Pichegru a present of beer and fresh provisions. It is true, we did not receive it; but the insolence of the French coaster, who took charge of it, and came to the fort, boasting, in our presence, of having, together with his crew, drank and eaten the provisions sent us by the Dutch of Surinam, revealed to us this important secret. This circumstance flattered and increased our hopes; but we had no knowledge of that immense and uninhabited coast; we had no means of navigating the intermediate seas; and as the schooners, which are the only vessels that frequent the river of Sinamary, moor at the point which is a league from the fort, we could entertain no hopes of eluding the vigilance of the commandant, or of reaching and carrying off from the anchorage one of those

vessels ; for we had no arms or means of accomplishing such a project.

We often walked on the rampart facing the river, where we fixed our eyes on the Western coast, and sighed for liberty. Our imagination exhausted itself, and we fatigued our eyes and thoughts with this monotonous view, where we neither perceived any thing on the water or in the woods, that could awaken in us one glimmering of hope. At the foot of the bastion without the fort, and by the bank of the river, was a small canoe, used for conveying the guard to the redoubt at the Point, and to bring back those whom they relieved. This canoe had all its apparatus, and was consigned to the care of the sentinel posted on the flanked angle of the bastion, within which was the guard-house. We had often beheld it with longing eyes ; but it was only by degrees, and through being urged by despair, that we accustomed ourselves to the idea of going out upon the open sea in so slender a vessel. None of us knew how to navigate a boat, and especially a canoe ; of which the

management is difficult and dangerous amidst the waves of the sea ; and, as we had no compass, it was necessary to confide in an Indian or a sailor.

Our first attempt miscarried. Pichegru having endeavoured to engage an Indian in the plot, who came to sell vegetables in the fort, the latter spread the suspicions which this attempt had awakened.

We hazarded, however, the opening ourselves, without reserve, to a person then in the fort, but whom I must not name. Should this journal fall into his hands, let him receive in secret this public acknowledgement of my gratitude, and of that of my companions ; and let him feel the true motives of my silence, as well as of my regret at being unable to publish his name at the same time that I commemorate his generosity.

This individual received our confidence with feeling and humanity, and justified the good opinion we entertained of his heart. He was well acquainted with the coast, and confirmed our

idea that we could only go to Surinam; but, while he gave us the information, of which we were so greedy, relative to the various Dutch posts, he assured us, that in this small and slender canoe we should not be able to get there; that it was, at least, a hundred leagues from Sinamary to the gates of Fort Orange, or of Monte-Krick; that it would not be at all safe to go on shore nearer than that point; that even when we got there, so severe a vigilance prevailed in the Dutch colony, that we must not make ourselves known; and that all strangers who were not furnished with good passports, were sent away, and not permitted to enter the territory. It was by means of this policy, and a system of administration at once firm and mild, that the former governor of this happy colony had preserved it to the mother country. Mr. Frédéric had thus, from the beginning of the revolution, maintained his independence not only of the English, whose protection he had rejected, and from whose attacks he was on the point of defending the colony of Surinam, but of the revolutionary party; to whom he had refused to abandon the valuable

property of his fellow citizens. How many new sources of hope ! How many new difficulties to encounter !

We had, at Cayenne, one of those friends so rarely to be met with in these revolutionary times, who feared not to commit himself ; and, had I, with indiscreet gratitude, trusted his name to my pen, would still have courageously braved the resentment of the tyrants. Him we informed of our scheme ; and, within a week, he transmitted us, by a confidential person, eight passports, all signed by the hand of Jeannet, and exactly conformable to those he was in the habit of giving to the inhabitants of Surinam who went on business to the neighbouring colonies,

They were in the following borrowed names :
that of

Barthélemy was in the name of Gallois.

Pichegru - - Picard.

Dossonville - - Daunon.

Aubry - - Desailleux.

La Rue - - Delvezai.

Tellier	-	-	Tollibois.
Willot	-	-	Toulouse.
Ramel	-	-	Frédéric.

In proportion as our scheme advanced, we redoubled our precautions, to prevent our jailors from having the slightest suspicion of it. But towards those of our fellow-prisoners, who were not in the secret, we were obliged to employ a double degree of circumspection, however difficult to be adhered to. The Abbé Brothier suspected some mystery, but did not discover its object. He confined himself to repeating frequently, "you keep me in the dark; you are plotting something that I well know; and I will have you caught in the fact:" nor, indeed, was he incapable of such conduct. We could now extend the circle of our confidences no further, without risking the success of our plan. When I reckoned up our conspirators, and stole a glance from the ramparts at this narrow canoe, I thought it very insufficient for our purpose; yet, although our party was already too numerous, we determined to make one more attempt to induce Mar-

bois to accompany us ; but he was as inflexible in his resolution as he was in his opinions. Nor would he consent to abandon his sick colleagues while alive, particularly his friend du Coudray ; and, since their deaths, he seemed rooted to the ground that covered their remains.

But neither the opinion of Marbois, nor the account he gave us of the dangers of a navigation which he knew better than any of us, nor our regret at leaving him ; nothing could deter us from putting our scheme in execution, such and so strong were the disgust and horror we felt for the prison of Sinamary.

We now only wanted a pilot ; but where was it possible to find, amidst this desert, a man capable of so much generosity, or rather an angel, to lead us forth from these infernal regions ? This event Providence brought about as follows :

The order of the Directory to take neutral ships is said to have caused a great multitude of small

privateers, whose avarice was still further excited by Jeannet, to leave Cayenne about the 20th of May. One of these vessels, commanded by Captain Poisvert, captured, in the latitude of Sinamary, an American ship, commanded by Captain Tilly, who was himself the owner of the cargo. It consisted principally of flour and provisions, which that Captain was actually bringing to Cayenne. He had also on board 40,000 bottles of Bordeaux and Rhenish wines, and of various wines, the produce of Spain.

The fear of being taken, in their turn, by some English frigate or privateer, while plying to windward, in order to escape the currents, and get to Cayenne, induced Captain Poisvert to come and moor, together with his prize, in the road of Sinamary. Perhaps, also, he feared he should have to share his prey with the lion Jeannet.

Poisvert himself brought the crew of his prize to the fort of Sinamary, together with Captain Tilly, whom he treated with great respect. This was a great event for the commandant Aimé, who
expected

expected to derive some profit from the circumstance, as well as the pleasure of drinking his fill of Bourdeaux wine. The negroes, and a part of the garrison, were also happy in unloading and landing the American cargo. This new object of attention was a diversion very much in our favour.

But what was our astonishment when Captain Tilly came to us alone, and, bursting into tears, cried, " 'twas you, alas, my unfortunate friends, whom I came in search of ! I knew you were here, have brought news from your families and friends, and have packets for you concealed in barrels, which it is now out of my power to touch. I had no idea of being attacked by a French privateer, and suffered myself to fall to leeward towards Cayenne, in order to have an excuse for anchoring in the road of Sinamary, or in that of Couru, whence I hoped to carry on intelligence with you, and effect your escape. But Heaven has disposed of us otherwise. I hoped to have been your deliverer, but, alas ! I

am your fellow-prisoner. What can I still do to serve you ?”

It is not easy to judge of the impression which, in such circumstances, the first words of Captain Tilly made upon our minds. To us his very presence was a blessing; for he was the only individual who, since our imprisonment at Sina-
mary, had been able freely to communicate with us, or give us any certain intelligence of our wretched country, and the general state of affairs. We had heard of the peace of Campo-
Formio; and Tilly completed our astonishment, as well as indignation, by informing us of the invasion of Switzerland. Barthélemy, in particular, was much affected with it. In short, the violences committed against the Americans, of which he was himself a striking proof, fully convinced us, that our miserable fellow-citizens were entirely enslaved; and that the usurpations of the Directory were subject to no restraint.

The frank and open manners of Captain Tilly,

the interest he took in our fate, and in which we might conclude his free and generous countrymen participated, unavoidably procured him our confidence, and we communicated to him our scheme. We led him to the rampart, as it were to walk, and shewed him the canoe. He shook his head, and said—"No, no, gentlemen, do not run that risk; for you will certainly perish. That canoe cannot hold you all, nor carry you to Surinam. You may rely on my experience, that it is impossible." We replied that we were resolved to perish, rather than remain with these barbarians; and that, besides, we were only running freely to meet inevitable death, of which, even in the sudden and violent event of a shipwreck, the horrors would be softened by the remembrance of the long continued agony of our friends.—"Well," returned he, "I do not think you can escape so many dangers, but do not refuse me to participate in them. I will myself steer the canoe; I will also bring my pilot, my intrepid Berwick, and perhaps Heaven may protect, and the winds favour us."

From that time, Captain Tilly appeared equally earnest with ourselves to effect our escape, and he communicated our scheme to the brave Berwick, who did not hesitate a moment in devoting himself to our safety. Captain Tilly never could obtain our consent to join in the expedition, but he took no notice of our refusals, or of the fears he himself had awakened in us, relative to the smallness of the canoe.

Every thing being now ready, nothing remained to be done, but to choose a favourable moment for eluding the vigilance of the commandant Aimé, escaping that of Brothier, attacking the post, or at least the sentinel who had charge of the canoe, quitting the fort to go away with it, and lastly, to get out to sea before the garrison was alarmed.

The reader will remember what I have said of the secret services rendered us by certain individuals, and he may readily conceive their exertions to enable us to overcome these last difficulties. But, without precisely pointing out the indivi-

duals I allude to, it will be sufficient to describe the means employed.

It was now the first of June, and the appointed day was at hand, as well as the scene that was to facilitate our enterprise. The *dénouement* of our plot approached under the sinister omen of the funeral obsequies of our friends. We had recently performed the last offices to Laffond, when Captain Tilly brought us intelligence, that Jeannet had given orders to send him and all his crew to Cayenne, for which place they were to embark next day. To us this news was like a thunderbolt, and almost disheartened us. Tilly, however, was absolutely determined to sacrifice himself, and to hide himself in the woods till the next day (the third of June), which was the last day appointed for our awful attempt. On that day he said he would run to the canoe on a signal agreed upon. We had great difficulty to induce him to give up the honour of so great an action to the brave Berwick. We observed to him, that Berwick disappearing at the time of calling over the crew of the prize would not awaken so

much suspicion as that of the captain, whose visits to the deported persons and his walks with them had been already too much noticed. It was, however, with great reluctance that Tilly yielded to this last consideration. He parted from us indeed to expose himself even to greater dangers than we encountered, as on him would fall all the fury of Jeannet, whether we were so happy as to escape, or whether we were so unfortunate as to be discovered and arrested with Berwick. But Tilly thought of nothing but of our safety; and, if we could but once arrive at Surinam, he cared not what became of himself. How affecting was our parting scene! who among us all could venture to flatter himself with the hope of seeing thee again, worthy, incomparable Tilly!

Berwick instantly disappeared and concealed himself in the woods. It was agreed, that, two days after (on the 3d of June), at the nine o'clock gun, he should be upon the bank of the river under the bastion; and that he should leap into the canoe the moment he saw us appear: but we were extremely uneasy on his account, for, as we feared,

he was almost devoured by noxious animals; nor could he defend himself from the serpents and that terrible animal the cayman but by continuing thirty-six hours on a tree, and even there he was not secure from tigers.

Captain Poisvert had invited the commandant of the fort to dinner on the 3d of June, on board the American prize, in return for the kind reception he had met with, and the assistance he had received from the garrison, which had two days before vigorously attacked an English privateer, that had approached the anchorage. At the same time that he entertained the commandant with a handsome dinner, and gave him the choicest wines he had on board, he had distributed to the garrison some common Bourdeaux wine. A girl, who had arrived some days before from Cayenne, did the honours, and delivered bottles of wine in profusion to the soldiers in their barracks and guard-house, to the negroes in their rooms, to the sentinels at their posts, and to the deported under their corridor. Ah! how long this day appeared! with what pleasure we watched

this young girl thus joyously pouring out bumpers to the half intoxicated soldiers. Her activity and solicitude served us to our utmost wishes.

Every one drank freely, as we did ourselves, and, seeming to take part in these orgies, we feigned a quarrel among us while at dinner, in order to avoid giving the most trifling indication of the plot. Aubry and Larue abused Barthélemy, le Tellier also took part in the dispute, Dossonville and Pichegru threatened each other, and Willot and myself seemed desirous of pacifying the rest. Glasses and plates flew about, and the uproar was so great, that the rest of the deported persons came in to separate us. The Abbé Brothier himself endeavoured to put an end to this disturbance, which only increased the more: but Barthélemy, who was the least skilful in feigning passion, coolly breaking his glass in an aukward gesture of rage, a burst of laughter had nearly betrayed us.

Night came on, and we saw the commandant
Aimé

Aimé brought in, dead drunk, like a corpse. Silence had now succeeded to the songs and cries of intoxication, and the soldiers and negroes lay dispersed here and there. The service was forgot, and the guard-house abandoned.

Before we retired into our rooms we took leave of Marbois, to whom our separation was a painful sacrifice; and who considered this as our last hour. The clock struck nine, the last we heard at Sinamary, and Dossonville, who was upon the watch, gave us all notice to begin our enterprise; upon which we went out and assembled near the gate of the fort, of which the draw-bridge was not yet up. All was sleep and silence. I mounted the bastion of the guard-house with Pichegru and Aubry, and went directly to the sentinel (the contemptible drummer who had so often tormented us), and asked him the hour. He made no answer, but fixed his eyes upon the stars; upon which I seized him by the throat, while Pichegru disarmed him, and we dragged him along, throttling him so as to prevent his crying out. We were now upon the parapet, and he

struggled so violently that he got away from us and fell into the river. We then rejoined our companions at the foot of the rampart, and, perceiving no one in the guard-house, ran in and took arms and cartridges. We then went out of the fort and flew to the canoe. Berwick was already there, and helped us to get into it. Barthélemy, who was very infirm and less active than the rest of us, fell, and sunk in the mud; but Berwick caught hold of him and saved him, and, having put him into the canoe, cut the rope. Berwick now took the helm, while we, motionless and silent, went with the stream. The current and the tide bore our light bark rapidly along, and we heard nothing but the murmurs of the waters and of the land breeze, which swelled our little sail and wafted us from our tomb of Sinamary.

We now approached the redoubt at the point, which it was necessary to pass, and therefore we struck our sail to avoid being seen. We knew that the eight men, who were upon guard at the redoubt, had received their share of the favours

of Captain Poisvert, and that they also must be drunk. We accordingly were not hailed, and the tide carried us beyond the bar. We passed to the left of our brave friend Tilly's ship, and very near the schooner *la Victoire*, which was lately arrived from Cayenne, and which we knew was commanded by the worthy Captain Bracket, to whom our escape must have given great pleasure, and who certainly would not have opposed us.

The breeze freshened and the sea was smooth. But, had we left the coast, we should have been in danger of mistaking our tract; and, if we kept too near the shore, we might have fallen upon the rocks, which are numerous there as far as *Iraconbo*. The moon now suddenly appeared, as if on purpose to give us light. This was a delicious moment. We congratulated each other, and thanked Providence and our generous pilot, who was in a dreadful state, being much swelled and disfigured by the stings of venomous insects.

We had proceeded smoothly for about two

hours, when we heard three guns, two from the fort of Sinamary, and one from the redoubt at the point; and, soon after, the post at Iraconbo answered with three. We doubted not but our flight was now discovered, yet were no longer afraid of a direct pursuit from Sinamary, where there was not one boat that could go out to sea. At all events, we had already got considerably the start of them, and the ships in the road alone could have given us chase. But Captains Poisvert and Bracket, over whom Aimé had no command, would not have weighed anchor and put to sea without orders from Jeannet.

We had, therefore, nothing to apprehend but from the detachment of Iraconbo, which we knew consisted but of twelve men; nor could they come after us but in a boat nearly like our own, with eight or ten armed men on board. We continued, however, ranging along the coast, and got our arms in readiness, being determined to defend ourselves if attacked, or in case our passage under the fort of Iraconbo should be impeded.

At four in the morning, we heard two guns to

the eastward, which were answered, within a minute after, by another close to us. We were at this time before the fort, but it was dark, and we saw nothing. We sailed fast, and when day appeared, Iraconbo was to leeward of us. We had now no fear of being pursued, and had only the dangers of the sea to overcome.

Our canoe was so small and so low sided, that every sea filled it; so that we were continually at work bailing her, and she was so light, that the least motion might have upset us. Hence we were nearly lost by an imprudence of which I alone was guilty. As I was rowing, I happened to make a false stroke with my oar, and my hat fell into the water; upon which, leaning eagerly over to regain it, I threw the boat out of her trim, and it was with great difficulty we rightened her. But Berwick's address, together with our activity, soon remedied this disaster; and I was severely reprimanded by Pichegru, whom we had made our captain. Barthélemy, being still covered with mud, took this opportunity to wash himself. I had the misfortune to lose my hat,

and had no means of defending my head from the burning rays of the sun, but by making myself a turban of some Banana leaves, which the negro fishermen had left in the bottom of the canoe.

As we had neither compass, nor instruments for taking the sun's altitude, we might have lost our way in the night; and the least gale of wind might have driven us out to sea, whenever we were obliged to keep off the shore, on account of the rocks or currents near the mouths of rivers. It had been impossible for us to bring away any provision, and we had not even a biscuit or a drop of water. Le Tellier, however, had brought two bottles of rum; and we were persuaded, the winds that constantly blow from east to west along this coast would carry us, in two days, to Monte-Krick. It was enough, therefore, if we could support our strength till then by means of this spirituous liquor.

On the 4th we suffered much from the heat. We had, however, a good breeze, with which we

ranged along the coast ; and when night prevented us from seeing the land, we reckoned that we were opposite the mouth of the river Marowni, the banks of which are the limits that separate the Dutch and French territories, and which is but forty leagues to windward of the port of Monte-Krick. Yet at eleven o'clock, when the moon rose, we perceived nothing either in the appearance of the land, or the motion of the water, to shew that we were near a great river. On the 5th we were not more fortunate, and we pursued our course till night, without any signs of the river or fort of Marowni. We were still, in all probability, somewhat to windward of the river of Amaribo, a part of the coast which rises a little towards the north-east, and intercepts the view.

On the 6th we were becalmed. Having now been three days without food, we suffered the most cruel hunger, and were extremely parched by the sun, the heat of which was not now tempered by the breeze ; and, as our minds were neither occupied by motion, nor supported by the hope of speedily reaching the end of our

fatiguing voyage, we were forcibly struck with the horror of our situation, and it was with difficulty we kept up our courage; for we had now nothing to expect from human assistance, nothing from our own exertions, which were thus deluded by the elements. It was on this very day of despair that we mutually urged each other to sacrifice even our just resentment, and not to suffer vengeance to take possession of our minds. We swore, in the presence of the Almighty, never to bear arms against our country, and resigned ourselves to the will of Providence.

The next day, the 7th June, and the 4th of our voyage, a breeze sprang up, and freshened a little towards eight o'clock in the morning; and at ten we were in sight of Fort Marowni, and opposite the mouth of the river, which the shallow reefs and currents render very dangerous. It was, indeed, with great fatigue and risk we surmounted these obstacles. We were also much harrassed by the monstrous sharks that surrounded and attacked our canoe, and which we were obliged to drive off by firing at them.

We

We supported the torment of hunger with so much patience as even to indulge in pleasantries relative to the various symptoms of our sufferings. In the mean while we continually watched, but still in vain, for the fort and river of Orange, and at six o'clock in the evening were again becalmed.

At three in the morning of the 8th the wind freshening, we got under weigh. At one we were in sight of Fort Orange, which we doubled, intending not to go on shore until we got as far as Monte-Krick, as had been recommended to us; and were opposite the fort, at about a gun-shot from it, when we were saluted with several guns loaded with ball, and of large calibre, which followed each other so rapidly, that we should inevitably have been sunk, had we gone further out to sea. This severity made us afraid of again approaching the shore; but we have since learnt, it was merely intended to make us hoist our flag, of which we had none.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sky low-

ered, the wind increased, and we sailed very fast; yet we could scarcely escape the swell of the sea, which drove us towards the shore. Our brave pilot hoped we should reach Monte-Krick before the storm, but we could not expect to weather it. We were now every moment in danger of being lost: Berwick steered towards the shore, and the instant we gained it, a heavy sea broke and upset us. It was low water, and we sunk in the mud; yet notwithstanding the exertions we were obliged to make to disengage ourselves, notwithstanding the dreadful storm that raged around us, we did not lose hold of our canoe, and even succeeded in setting her upon her bottom.

At length we got on shore, not knowing where we were, or whether it was possible for us to go along the coast as far as Fort Orange, from which we reckoned ourselves eight leagues; although, in reality, our distance was but four.

We were now worn out with hunger and fatigue; our ragged clothes were wet, and covered with mud,

and we found no shelter but a wood, which was full of insects and reptiles. We had lost our arms and ammunition when the canoe was upset: night was coming on, and we heard nothing but the howling of tigers and the roaring of the sea. What a dreadful night! The winds raging, a deluge of rain falling, and accompanied with chilling cold. We were obliged to exert all our strength and labour throughout the night to keep hold of our canoe, which the waves continually washed away; and which, notwithstanding all our exertions, was much damaged. It will hardly be believed, that we still retained sufficient strength to persevere in these efforts, after having suffered so much fatigue during five days and nights, without food. We were all naked in the sea, struggling with the waves, which were thus robbing us of our last hopes. Barthélemy, notwithstanding his infirmities, worked with the rest, and afforded an example of patience and courage during this dreadful night.

At day break on the 9th of June, which was the 6th day since our departure from Sinamary,

we beheld each other with mutual compassion, half frozen with cold and almost ready to sink under our fatigues. We consoled ourselves by saying "*at least we shall not die in their hands.*"

Pichegru had saved his pipe and his utensils for lighting it, with which we contrived to make a fire and thus dried our cloathes. At length the heavens became serene, but the wind continued to blow with violence.

We now laid ourselves down upon our bellies on the sand, unable to defend ourselves from the stings of insects and the bites of crabs. Fortunately le Tellier had taken so good care of his little stock of rum that half a bottle still remained: but our hearts were so depressed, that we had not strength to swallow and only refreshed ourselves by washing our mouths and lips with these spirits.

During this day, (the 9th June) the heroic le Tellier had contrived a shelter for Barthélemy with branches of trees, and while the latter lay down

to rest or rather to faint, le Tellier, forgetting his own sufferings, drove away the insects with a light branch, particularly from the face and hands of his master. What an affectionate attachment! what a glorious part did this worthy fellow act in alleviating our misfortunes!

At night the sky was again overcast, and we were obliged to work while the tide was in, to preserve our canoe, which we had no means of fastening. As the tigers approached very near us, we increased our fire; and thus we passed the remainder of this night which was the second since we were cast on shore and the 7th of our escape.

At day-break on the 10th of June we perceived at a distance, a vessel, which Berwick discovered to be an English privateer.

We had sheltered ourselves under some trees, where we had formed a kind of hut, from which I went out at 6 in the morning, to examine the weather and our canoe. Having crawled a

few steps, I perceived, about 200 paces from us, on the beach, two armed men, upon which I ran in, crying, "*I see men*;" all our party instantly rose up, and Berwick, though the most indisposed on account of having been so severely stung in the woods of Sinamary, darted forward towards them, while we concealed ourselves, that our numbers might not alarm them. On seeing our poor Berwick, who scarcely retained the form of a human being, the two soldiers stopped and levelled their muskets at him, on which he fell upon his knees and raised his hands in a suppliant posture, at the same time crying out, making signs, and pointing to the canoe. The soldiers listened to him, and came towards him, and at the same time we all surrounded them. We soon found they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Monte-Krick, and Pichegru entering into conversation with them, learnt that we were but three leagues from that fort. These men had been sent on duty to Fort Orange, where they would not fail to give an account of the number and situation of the persons they had found cast away, and therefore we determined to depute two

of our party to the commandant of the fort, to ask for succours and exhibit our passports, but at the same time concealing who we were.

We fixed upon Barthélemy and la Rue, whom we caused to drink the remainder of our rum before they set out. At the very time they arrived at Fort Orange, the commandant was dispatching a picquet of fifty men to fetch us away. Our ambassadors declared the object of our voyage, stating us to be merchants, and describing all the particulars of our being cast away, in consequence of which we had lost all our provisions and effects; and adding that the bad state of our canoe which was almost broken to pieces, would not admit of our putting to sea again after the storm. The commandant received them with great humanity, and having ordered them some victuals, sent workmen and negroes to repair our boat and assist in setting it afloat, and to search for our pretended merchandize. When we saw this troop consisting of about 20 persons at a distance, we were very uneasy, till two of these workmen who spoke French had explained their

orders, upon which having shewed them the canoe, they drew it ashore and began to repair it with the greatest industry and skill.

At 6 in the evening Barthélemy and la Rue arrived ; but they were so much overjoyed and so agitated, that they did not think of bringing us a bottle of water. We could scarcely believe that Barthélemy had strength enough remaining to perform a journey of 8 leagues on these burning sands.

Our canoe being now repaired, and the sea having become smooth, we were desirous of immediately embarking ; but were obliged to wait for the tide. In the mean while, the workmen, whom we recompensed as well as we could, and whom we were sorry to detain during the night, had orders not to leave us till they saw us at sea. Poor Berwick was growing worse, and as we were obliged to pass this night also amidst hostile insects, it might have proved the last of his life : for it must not be forgotten, that this worthy fellow, whose corporeal strength equalled his

his courage and generosity, had suffered cruel torments during the two days he had past in the woods of Sinamary, waiting for the appointed time of our expedition. We had now not an instant to lose, to save him who had preserved our lives.

At day-break, on the 11th June, Barthélemy, la Rue, Aubry, and Dossonville, set off along the coast towards Monte-Krick, to procure food and lodgings for the poor shipwrecked merchants.

Some hours after their departure, and at high water, Pichegru, Willot, le Tellier, and myself, re-entered our canoe, which the workmen vigorously pushed off, and then took their leave of us; while Berwick, though almost dying, resumed the helm. A little before noon, we entered the small river of Monte-Krick, where we landed, while Berwick triumphed in our success, which he considered as the full reward of his kindness and generosity.

The commandant of the post at Monte-Krick had already received our companions with kindness, and had ordered us a spacious, clean and comfortable room by the side of the creek. What a moment of joy was that of our meeting in this happy place! Our friends had prepared for us two fowls, some rice, and bread, which, on this occasion, was watered with tears of pleasure and gratitude! We were alive! We had escaped our persecutors, the dangers of the waves, and the horrors of famine! In short, we were free!

Having taken a little nourishment, though with many precautions, we made fast our boat, which we cherished as if it had been an animated being, and towards which we felt both affection and gratitude.

We then paid a visit to the captain who commanded at the fort; and to whom our arrival caused much embarrassment. He saw no probability in the story of our being merchants; an assertion which our destitute condition and rag-

ged dress belied, as our language belied our wretched appearance.

His surprise was increased at the smallness of our boat, and our boldness in venturing in it out at sea. As this captain spoke French, we did our best to persuade him our story was true, and shewed him our passports. We observed that he had a copy of the description of the deported stuck behind the looking-glass; Jeannet having printed and distributed it to all the neighbouring colonies, and all the posts along the coast.

This worthy commandant, who, without giving himself much trouble about the truth of our story, treated us kindly; merely because we were unfortunate, shewed us himself this description without any suspicion, as he afterwards assured us, that we were the persons: and, certainly, it would at this time have been difficult to recognize any of us. He asked us, however, if we had touched at Sinamary? to which we replied, we had not. "And what," said he, "is become of those unfortunate men, Pichegru and Barthé-

lemy, and their unfortunate companions?" We told him, "they had been in great misery, but that they now hoped for a change of fortune."

Having given orders to supply us with necessaries, the commandant told us, he was about to give an account of our arrival to the governor of the colony. He made no secret of the motives for the vigilance, which had been particularly enjoined him with regard to the French. The colony of Surinam, he said, had been preserved, by the vigilance of its commander, from the troubles which had ruined all the French settlements. The negro slaves were better treated there, were more happy, and, consequently, more laborious, than if they had received the fatal and delusive gift of liberty. Jeannet, being displeased at the refusal of some unwarrantable demands for money or provisions, had said that *he would revenge himself on those aristocrats, and revolutionize Surinam*; and hence the commandants along the coast had orders narrowly to watch all the French who landed in the colony.

We therefore wrote to the governor, relating, in a few words, the atrocities we had experienced both in France and Sinamary, our escape, and our being cast away ; and we solicited refuge and protection in the name of humanity and of honour.

It is twenty-four leagues from Monte-Krick to Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, where the governor resides.

On the 12th we passed the day in resting ourselves, and attending those of our party, whom our first refreshments had not restored to their strength ; particularly Dossonville, who had symptoms of a very serious illness, and poor Berwick, who was in a high fever.

We had all a hideous appearance, being much burnt by the sun, and the reflection from the sea ; much swelled and disfigured by the stings of insects ; our clothes in no better condition than our bodies ; and some of us were even without shoes. We endeavoured, however, to

mend our rags to the best of our power. We blushed, not for ourselves, but for our country, to appear in this deplorable condition in the eyes of foreign nations.

In the morning of the 13th a planter, whose estate lay near Monte-Krick, invited us to his house, and made us the kindest offers, though without suspecting who we were, and being very urgent that we should accompany him immediately. We were about to attend him, when Willot, whose turn it was to watch our friendly canoe, descried a cavalier at a distance, and called us to observe him. Pichegru recognized the Dutch uniform, and assured us he was a superior officer. As soon as he saw our quarters, which had, no doubt, been described by the commandant, he clapped spurs to his horse, dismounted, came up to the room where we were assembled, and, with extreme agitation, said, "M. Gallois, M. Picard, are you here?" Upon this Barthélemy and Pichegru immediately came forward, dressed in a coarse vest or jacket, of grey cloth. The Dutch general shewed marks of surprise and indigna-

tion, then embraced them repeatedly, and pressed us all alternately in his arms, unable for some time to utter a single word. "Gentlemen," said he, after a short interval, "you formed a just idea of our governor. He is waiting with impatience for your arrival, and all the inhabitants of Surinam are equally affected with your misfortunes."

On this we burst into tears, and our excessive joy had nearly been fatal to some of us. Worthy and humane Dutchman, receive the homage of that gratitude, of which prudence alone restrains the expression!

When we left Monte-Krick we reluctantly took leave of our canoe, which we had christened *San Salvador*, and would willingly have taken it with us. At some distance from our quarters, on the creek, we found two gondolas were waiting for us, in one of which refreshments were set out, and in the other clothes, linen and shoes.

It is impossible to conceive the delicious sen-

sations we now experienced, without having, like us, been exposed naked on the burning sand to the scorching rays of the sun, and the severe cold arising from heavy rains and the dew of night. The same day, which was Sunday the 13th of June, we slept at the plantation of a friend of the governor's, who, having learned from him our arrival at Monte-Krick, insisted on our passing the night at his house, regretting that, being engaged in town by business, he could not meet us. He had, however, given orders to prepare apartments and provisions for us. What an agreeable surprise! what a powerful impression did the sight of this plantation excite! we came as it were from the regions of Tartarus and entered those of Elysium. We were delighted with his spacious gardens, his beautiful groves, his fine house, his table which was sumptuously set out, his elegant apartments, and his comfortable beds.

After supper, the negroes danced before us, to banish as it were from our memory the outrages of Sinamary.

On the morning of the 14th, having enjoyed that repose to which we had so long been strangers, we re-embarked in our gondolas and dropped down the river Comervine, admiring the rich plantations which adorn its banks, the neatness of the innumerable canals, the elegance of the gardens, and the magnificence of the buildings. At length we entered the river of Surinam, and at noon arrived at a plantation, where we were expected by several of the principal planters, who had assembled to meet us. We saw them waiting for us on the bank, which we had scarcely reached, before they sprang forward into our boat and embraced us with an effusion of fraternal affection.

Here we were treated with a magnificence which formed an honourable contrast with our long beards and disfigured countenances.

The tide permitted us to depart at four o'clock. About an hour afterwards we met a splendid gondola, in which was the governor himself, who was coming to meet us. He immediately came

into our bark, and embraced us with a lively emotion, saying—"Welcome, all of you; forget if possible your misfortunes; I will do every thing in my power to efface them from your memories. We are all happy to see you. The whole colony, and myself in particular, are at your command."

As we passed under the fort of Nassau, we were saluted with 50 guns, which were repeated gun for gun by the fort of Amsterdam on the right bank, and the batteries of Paramaribo answered them. We were about a league from the city when it grew dusk, and it became quite dark before we entered the port.

The whole town was illuminated; the garrison and the colonial militia were under arms, and we landed amidst the discharges of musketry and artillery from the square and from the fleet. The acclamations of the people, and their cries of joy, re-echoed through the air; they crowded about us, and shewed the greatest eagerness to see and embrace us. Thus surrounded by this nu-

merous escort, we arrived, amid the affectionate effusion of this happy and generous people, at the governor's palace.

His wife received us with equal gracefulness and sensibility; and the impression our misfortunes made upon this charming woman was so powerful, that we were frequently obliged to avoid her presence, because she was too much affected by them.

The governor entertained Barthélemy and his faithful le Tellier, while the principal inhabitants contended for the pleasure of receiving us, and they all loaded us with proofs of esteem and affection. I would willingly describe the various entertainments and country excursions, with which the inhabitants of Paramaribo, who equally endeavoured to show the joy they felt at having us among them, contrived for us. The riches and luxury of the inhabitants of Surinam, the flourishing state of that colony, the smiling luxuriance of its crops, the charms of its internal navigation, and the pomp both of its public esta-

blishments and private houses, are universally known, and it is easy to form an idea of public entertainments: but what is difficult to conceive, because it is an extraordinary phenomenon, is, that benevolence and humanity should animate a whole people, and spread and communicate to every class the virtues and sympathies of the government. It was these sentiments, and not mere idle curiosity, that actuated our worthy and respectable hosts, who, far from importuning us with questions relative to the miseries we had suffered, on the contrary, carefully avoided the subject. But the horrid picture of Sinamary, the captivity of our companions who still remained there, and whose treatment perhaps was more severe in consequence of our escape, in short, the situation of the worthy Captain Tilly, who had so unfortunately fallen into the hands of Jeannet; these reflections haunted our imaginations, and, although they might enhance the value of the blessings Providence had showered upon us, and render the contrast of our present situation more striking, yet the most cruel reflections often disturbed these smiling scenes.

Our days were thus gliding on with rapidity, when, on the 18th of June, Captain David, a coaster belonging to Cayenne, arrived at Paramaribo, with dispatches from Jeannet to the governor, informing him of our escape. This letter concluded as follows :

“ If these gentlemen have not been taken by the English privateers, and if they have not perished, as I fear they have, they must doubtless have taken refuge in your colony. In that case, it is my duty to claim them in the name of the Directory, as prisoners of state. Should you be able to discover them, I request, and even require you to put them under arrest ; but I intreat you to use no violence towards them, and to grant them all the kindness due to their misfortunes.”

The governor replied, that he had not as yet heard of the escape of Messrs. Barthélemy, Pichegru, &c. but that eight merchants and a sailor had a few days before arrived at Paramaribo ; that he sent him their description and the pass-

ports they had produced, and assured him that should the deported arrive, he would pay them all the requisite attentions.

Captain David was well treated and might, on his return, have explained to Jeannet, who would no doubt be astonished at finding his own signature to the passports, the true sense of the letter of which he was the bearer. Nothing further passed, and the captain returned to Cayenne.

We had learned, by Captain David, the painful news of the frigate *la Décade*, which had moored in the road of Cayenne, on the 6th of June, three days after our departure, and on board of which were 193 deported persons; among these were two members of the Council of Five Hundred, Gilbert des Molières and Job Aimé, both of them almost in a dying state.

We were far from harbouring any fears of the official demands of the proconsul of Guyana; but, as if to inspire us with new confidence, the

inhabitants lavished on us every possible attention, every amusement, and, in short, every proof of their unbounded benevolence.

In the mean while, we were very desirous of passing some days in the country; for most of us had not been able to recover strength enough to enjoy the pleasures that were offered us on every side. We all required rest, and sighed for the benefits of an European climate: in short, we determined, as soon as we had re-established the health of those who required it, and enjoyed, for a few days more, the attentions of the worthy governor and his friends, to embark in a neutral vessel for the north of Europe. Barthélemy was in so weak a state, that we had no hopes of his being able to accompany us, and the governor, thinking he would not be able to bear a sea voyage, urged him to renounce his plan, and remain with him. Dossonville was at the point of death. All the aids and remedies of art were lavished upon us, and no sooner were our intentions known, than our friends exerted all their efforts to dissuade us from it. They were desi-

rous, they said, of keeping us and guarding us at Surinam, till we should be recalled to our own country.

We returned to the town on the 27th, and were much surprised to find a second messenger arrived from Cayenne, who brought the governor an answer from Jeannet to his last dispatches.

In this second letter he confessed, that the passports of the pretended merchants were in fact signed by him; but he asserted that no such merchants as Gallois, Picard, and the rest, had ever existed in the colony of Guyana; that he was not ignorant that Barthélemy and Pichegru and six others of the deported were at Paramaribo; that he insisted on our being arrested, and that he would give an account of this transaction to his government.

In consequence of this letter we made an offer to the governor immediately to disappear and keep ourselves concealed until our departure for St. Thomas's, on which we had already determined.

mined. This precaution, however, that brave man said he should consider as a weakness.

But, averse to become the subjects of a quarrel and of revolutionary reprisals on the part of Jeannet, we determined, on the evening of the 28th, to leave Surinam. Dossonville was better and was desirous of going with us; and Barthélemy made us promise to wait for him at St. Thomas's.

On the 29th, our preparations were completed; a small and very commodious vessel belonging to Mr. Sticle was freighted in the name of the colony, and stocked with an abundance of provisions and refreshments; the pilot having instructions to obey the orders we should give him. We now took leave of Berwick, who was loaded with presents by the governor and inhabitants. We had nothing to offer him, nor could we have induced him to accept any thing but our gratitude, which we promised to publish to our fellow-citizens, and, if possible, throughout all Europe. I have discharged a small part of this sacred

debt. He sailed a few days after for Philadelphia.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of June, Pichegru, Willot, la Rue, Aubry, Dossenville and myself, left Paramaribo to sleep at the plantation of our worthy officer, which is at the mouth of the creek, where our vessel dropped down to wait for us. The inhabitants of Paramaribo took leave of us in the most affectionate manner. The governor and the principal officers came to the plantation, where many of the inhabitants assembled; and Barthélemy, though very ill, was carried thither, together with his inseparable le Tellier.

When I reflect on the affectionate embraces of our benefactors, and their last adieus by the seaside, I cannot restrain my tears; nor am I able to express what I felt at this parting scene. Our patriarchal Barthélemy was unable to speak, and could scarcely move, but he bestowed on us all the blessings his expressive looks and feeble

hands could communicate. It was about 8 in the evening, when we tore ourselves from the arms of these worthy people, and entered the canoe to go on board. M. de Badenbourg, an old officer in the Dutch service, brother of the governor of Berbice, embarked with us on his return to his brother, and was to part with us at the mouth of the river of that name.

When we had weighed anchor, our adieus were heard and repeated by our friends; and the banks, even when we could scarcely distinguish them, still re-echoed with these parting sounds; Adieu—may you be happy—adieu—forget not Surinam!

There was a heavy swell, and we stood to the westward, ranging along the coast till midnight, when a gun being fired at us with ball obliged us to bring to. It was from an English privateer, which had approached us unperceived by our pilot. The privateer, not finding us bring to fast enough, fired a second gun, and, when we were within gun shot, saluted us with a discharge of

case shot. Being now hailed by them, we answered, that we came from Surinam, and were going to Berbice with dispatches. But not satisfied with this, the captain insisted on visiting us. The night was very dark, and the two ships ran foul of each other. The English captain examined our papers and passports, having reckoned on a good capture; but he only took away our fruits, and, withdrawing his men, left us to pursue our course.

At day-break the next morning (the 1st July), we had another alarm. A gun was fired to make us bring to; and, on our attempting to avoid it, a second was fired, which was so well aimed, that the wind of the ball threw down the pilot, who was at the helm; in consequence of which, our ship drifted with the current from the river Corentin, of which we were abreast, and we had nearly upset.

But what was our surprise and alarm when we heard ourselves hailed in French! I only saw negroes on the deck, and had now no doubt but

we had fallen into the hands of one of Hugues's privateers; especially when I saw the captain launch his pinnace, which was manned by six negroes. M. de Badenbourg, who was equally alarmed with ourselves, now came upon deck, and having looked for a short time at the boat, cried out, "Good day, Captain Anderson; how do you do?" This removed all our fears; and we afterwards learnt, that this Captain Anderson had, a short time before, in the latitude of the Carries, visited a ship, on board of which M. de Badenbourg was a passenger, when he came from Europe. The captain was very civil, and, when he learnt who we were, offered to escort us; for he assured us, the coast was much infested with Hugues's privateers.

At day-break the next morning (2d July) our pilot got sight of the river Berbice, which he approached, in order to put M. de Badenbourg on shore. As we were launching our pinnace, a vessel which we had observed during some hours, fired several guns at us. We had taken it for an English ship, but its manœuvres, and its obsti-

nacy in bringing us to, though they saw us tack about at the mouth of the Berbice, convinced us it was a French privateer; and, accordingly, we were scarcely under the guns of the fort of St. Andrew, before we saw them moor beyond their range, in order to block up the river. We determined, therefore, to put into Berbice, which was a Dutch colony in the possession of the English; requesting M. de Badenbourg to apply to his brother to give us refuge till we could again put to sea in safety.

We went up the river with the tide; and soon after we had parted from M. de Badenbourg, two boats came to bring us on shore. We were conducted to the governor's house, where we met with that good reception we had reason to expect from the brother of our worthy shipmate.

We told him we had been pursued by privateers, and solicited refuge and protection. He answered literally as follows;

“ Be not uneasy, gentlemen, here you are under the protection of the English government ; but I must request your word of honour, that you will not quit the territories that are under the authority of his Britannic Majesty, without the consent of the government.”

We had now no longer the power of receding ; and, being convinced of the impossibility of reaching the Danish island of St. Thomas, without falling into the hands of the privateers, by which Victor Hugues, informed, no doubt, of our flight, caused us to be pursued, we gave the governor this assurance, and confided ourselves to the cares and attentions of M. de Badenbourg.

This governor, and all the inhabitants of the colony, were anxious to give us as kind a reception as we had met with at Surinam. Madame de Badenbourg, who is a most amiable woman, and a model of elegance and domestic virtue, being surrounded by a numerous and charming family, lavished upon us innumerable attentions

and presents, and omitted nothing to render our stay at Berbice agreeable.

Colonel Heslop, commandant of the military forces of his Britannic Majesty at the colonies of Berbice and Demerary, having heard of our arrival, came to Berbice, and informed us, that General Boyard, commander in chief of the land forces in the Windward Islands, had recently sent him orders to convey us to Martinico; and that, to defend us from privateers, Admiral Hervey had dispatched a frigate, which he expected to arrive on the 14th (it was now the 9th), when we were to go to Demerary.

In addition to these generous offers of protection from the English government, the colonel expressed the kindest concern for our misfortunes, and the strongest desire of serving us.

We took leave, with great regret, of M. de Badenbourg and his family. I shall retain, till my dying day, the impression his worthy character, his many amiable qualities, his noble turn
of

of mind, and his spirit of independence, made upon me. He appeared to me like a sage devoting his life to the happiness of mankind, and spreading around him all the blessings in his power and the influence of his virtuous example.

Colonel Heslop had offered to conduct us to Demerary by land, but we preferred the shorter conveyance of the sea. Accordingly, we embarked on board a brig called the Flying Fish at eleven in the morning of the 9th of July, and at night moored at the mouth of the river Demerary.

We landed next day at that fine colony, which the English government is so assiduous to improve and render flourishing, and in which more activity prevails than in any other on this coast, on account of its frequent communications with the Caribbee Islands. M. Beaujou, civil governor in chief, received us in the most friendly manner, and all the inhabitants vied with each other in showing the interest they took in our miraculous escape. Colonel Heslop invited us to his house, and treated us with the utmost po-

liteness. The colonel is a gentleman whose noble manners evince the elevation of his mind : I had long known him by reputation, having been present at the bloody scenes that passed at the retaking of Toulon, where the colonel, then aide-camp to General O'Hara, distinguished himself by a noble act of humanity. When the ships were burned which could not be made use of, the Themistocle, on board of which were 1600 reputed terrorists, catching fire, Colonel Heslop saved them at the peril of his life.

It was during our passage from Berbice to Demerary, that Willot and Aubry were attacked with a dangerous illness, which separated them from us. The next day they were delirious, and the physicians not only declared they could not possibly embark with us, but said they had but little hopes of their recovery. A few days after, Aubry, who could scarcely breathe, lay for dead, while Willot was apparently in the agonies of death. What a dreadful scene ! what a melancholy separation. Of eight of the deported who had escaped in the canoe, only four, Pichegru,

Dossonville, La Rue, and myself, embarked on the 17th on board the English frigate the Crane, commanded by Captain Hello.

On the 20th we passed in sight of Trinidad and Tobago.

On the 22d we doubled the island of St. Vincent.

On the 24th we were off Martinico, where contrary winds prevented us from entering Fort Royal Bay. We therefore stood on for St. Christopher's, which was the general rendezvous for the Caribbee island convoy, and where we moored on the 27th.

I had, some days before, so violent an attack of the yellow fever, that I was delirious before we got sight of Martinico; nor did I recover the use of my reason till the 22d of August, or about a month after. I am ignorant of every thing that passed around me during this long confinement, and found myself on board the Amiable frigate,

commanded by Capt. Grenville Lobb, without the least recollection of having been removed from on board the Crane. Pichegru and Dossonville were equally ill with myself, and we all three lay in the captain's cabin, but were not able to speak to each other till about the end of August. We all owed our lives to the courage and attentions of Captain Lobb, and never did any man make so great a sacrifice with so much ease and simplicity. He never left us for a moment, and, notwithstanding the general dread of this contagious disorder, more justly feared than the plague itself, slept in the same cabin with us, and performed the lowest offices for us. When, after our long delirium had ceased, we, for the first time, perceived this hero of humanity, we were scarcely able to express our admiration of this extraordinary effort of virtue; nor could we ever prevail with him to leave us, in order to attend to his own preservation, after having been the cause of ours.

From the 36th to the 50th degree of latitude we experienced a dreadful storm, in which four ships of the convoy perished, besides the

Etrusco, which went down, after having lost all her masts,

I shall omit the particulars of this tedious voyage which continued sixty-four days.

On the 20th of September we got sight of land, and entered the Channel, where contrary to our expectation we met with light breezes and a smooth sea. We now discovered the coast of England, and soon after that of France. This sight strongly affected and agitated me, and I felt depressed with melancholy: for my heart, always inclined to serious reflections. In short, I could scarcely bear the idea that I could no longer call the land beyond that horizon my country.

On the 21st of September, which was the anniversary of our departure from Rochefort, we moored in Deal Roads.

Here Captain Lobb waited on Admiral Peyton

for instructions ; we were not, however, allowed to go on shore, but an account of our arrival was sent to the government.

On the 24th, the *Amiable* frigate, which had been much damaged during the storm, and which could no longer lie in the Road, was obliged to go round to Sheerness. We now, therefore, took leave of Captain Lobb, whose interest and recommendation had prepared us a good reception on board the Admiral's ship the *Over-Yssel*, to which we were removed, and of which the officers lavished on us all possible attention ; as if to convince us, the noble conduct of Captain Lobb did not arise merely from his personal excellencies, but was the natural attendant and general characteristic of the officers of the British Navy.

On the 27th, the government having given orders to bring us to London, we were put on board a cutter, the captain of which loaded us with attentions. General Pichegru, who was very

ill, was removed to London the same day, where we joined him the next.

We were conducted to the house of Mr. Wickham, secretary to the Duke of Portland in the department relative to foreigners, who received us with great politeness, and expressed the concern he felt at our misfortunes. He assured us we should find, under the protection of the English government, a safe asylum, and all those kind offices, which humanity owes to the victims of unexampled barbarity.

In this first conversation, Mr. Wickham expressed those wishes for peace and the emancipation of our country which he often repeated in several subsequent interviews. He told me, the next day, in particular, that he was informed of the desire I had expressed to go as soon as possible to the Continent, and that I should be furnished with such means of putting this in practice as would secure me from all risk of being taken.

On the second of October, two days after our

arrival in London, having an appointment at Mr. Wickham's, we had no sooner given in our names, than a man, or rather the skeleton of a man, whom we had observed in the corner of the room, extended his arms towards us, and, rising up, exclaimed—" Ah ! my friends, you are then saved, and all my misfortunes are forgotten." He was scarcely able to advance towards us, and we gathered round him. " I am Tilly," said he.—" Tilly ! Tilly !" we exclaimed, " our deliverer ! and yet we knew him not ! but you are so much altered !" We continued some moments in each other's arms, overpowered with emotion and bathing his hands with our tears. " Alas !" cried he, " nor I neither. Had I not heard your names, I should not have known you." We overwhelmed each other with questions, and he was very anxious to be informed of our adventures, and the fate of his worthy Berwick ; after which, he satisfied our enquiries nearly in these words :

" On the 5th of June, said he, the news of your escape arrived at Cayenne, where the joy of the
the

the inhabitants was universal, and so strongly expressed, that Jeannet, not daring to oppose the public opinion, said to those who spoke of it, *why did they not all go?*

“ As yet I was suffered to go at large on my parole, about the town of Cayenne, for I was not at all suspected.

“ On the 6th of June, the frigate, *la Décade*, arrived from France with 103 deported persons on board. Jeannet received his dispatches, and nothing transpired of their contents. It was only said, that several of the present deported persons, authors, journalists and priests, were on board, upon which a general consternation succeeded to the joy our flight had occasioned. About 9 in the evening, Jeannet sent me an invitation to take tea with him, saying he had some affairs of trade to talk of. As he had in my first audience appeared to blame the unjust aggressions of the Directory against the Americans, assuring me that it was with regret he executed such orders, and still more so his barbarous instructions

relative to your detention, I now waited on him with confidence on this occasion. He treated me with still more politeness than before, and when we were alone, said, "you know the news from France, where tyranny is at its height. Here again are more of these unfortunate deported persons, sent me by the Directory. Scarcely have eight of the former escaped, than they are replaced by 193. I will no longer submit to be the jailor and executioner of my fellow-citizens, in order to support those five villains in impunity. I am determined to abandon the colony. I shall buy your brig, which I will restore to you at Philadelphia, if you will undertake to carry me there."

"I thanked Jeannet for his confidence, assured him of my attachment, and encouraged him in his virtuous resolution.

"I know, replied he, that you are an honest man. I am acquainted with your character, and you must have perceived by my silence, how painful it is to me to be the instrument of crimes.

I know that it was you that facilitated the escape of the deported from Sinamary, yet I never reproached you with that action. I think, however, you ought not to have led your pilot into these dangers.

“ I now hesitated no longer frankly to answer this last overture, and not only confessed every thing we had done at Sinamary, but took this opportunity to inform Jeannet, that besides the packets I had delivered you, there were others on board my ship in a barrel, of which I mentioned the number.

“ I had scarcely finished these indiscreet and fatal confessions, when Jeannet rose up in a fury, threw down the table between us, called his guard, ordered me to be seized and chained, and swore that the next day he would have me shot. In short I was conducted to the prison of the fort.

“ Thus had I apparently sacrificed my life. But Jeannet dared not to complete his crime; whe-

ther through fear of the murmurs of the inhabitants, or of losing the money, it was said he had invested in America. I was now thrown into a dungeon with irons on my hands and feet, and was allowed no food but bread and water. In this horrid prison I passed the months of June and July, and I was even deprived of the consolation of having sacrificed myself usefully for your preservation; for I was assured you had been fallen in with and sunk by a privateer from Cayenne.

“ In the night of the 1st of August I was taken from my prison, though without being liberated from my irons, and carried on board the frigate *la Décade*, which was returning to France. During the voyage I still remained in my irons, and was put into the boatswain's store-room. I now perceived that Jeannet, desirous of averting from himself the rage of the Directory, had preserved me merely to deliver me up to them, and that I was destined to glut their vengeance. The captain of *la Décade* had orders to treat me

as you had been treated ; and I had no other food but bread and water.

“ A high fever had almost destroyed me, and I was at the point of death, when, on the 3d of September, the frigate fell in with Commodore Pierrepont, who commanded a frigate of the same force, and attacked and took us. This worthy officer immediately liberated me, and conveyed me to Portsmouth, where I obtained permission to come to London. I am determined, notwithstanding the condition in which you see me, to return to my family, who believe I am lost ; and now I have seen you, I have nothing else to wish for.”

Captain Tilly had already prepared for sailing, and was come to take leave of Mr. Wickham. He passed three days with us ; and we had the satisfaction of perceiving, that the certainty of our safety, that sweet recompense for all his generous sacrifices, contributed to the re-establishment of his health.

It is unnecessary to add, that the English government have anticipated the countrymen of Tilly, in rewarding this noble action by public testimonies of esteem and consideration, and by granting him all the assistance and kind offices he stood in need of.

On us they have bestowed the most delicate attentions and the strongest proofs of kindness: nor was it possible to do this in a more amiable and pleasing manner. Of these good offices I availed myself, till my health was sufficiently re-established to cross the sea.

On the evening of the 19th of October, I took a final leave of my companions in misfortunes, and, on the 21st, embarked at Yarmouth for Hamburg, where I arrived on the 29th.

Here ends my narrative. It is not for me to instruct mankind in the science of politics, but had I sufficient talents for that purpose, I would devote them to the reconciliation of the various parties, who are interested in the restoration of

order, of morality and of public faith. By this common interest, this general sentiment, I would endeavour to appease the hatred of factions, and stop the progress of civil dissensions. Innumerable reasons offer in support of this great cause of benevolence. May those render it victorious, who have more right to influence mankind. I am but a soldier, and can only offer to my country, my arm and my blood : both of which shall be devoted, till my dying day, to the preservation of her independence, and the rights of my fellow-citizens.

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